THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1883.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.*

PAUL DU CHAILLU is one of the most intrepid of modern travellers, and his books are among the most interesting of recent travel. The veracity of his early stories of the gorilla country, Ashango Land, and Equatorial Africa, was seriously questioned at the time of their publication, as the stories of Bruce were before, and those of Stanley since; but the skeletons and skins of his gorillas, and living specimens afterwards brought to Europe, abundantly vindicated his truthfulness. We heard him once describe his first conflict with a gorilla, and it was as fine a piece of dramatic description and acting as one need wish to hear and see. The same vivid description characterizes the present volumes. They give an account of repeated journeys to one of the most picturesque, yet little known, countries and people of Europe, embracing a sojourn of nearly five years. He lived among the people, won their confidence, and witnessed and shared their domestic usages—and this, especially among the Lapps and Finns, is an almost unique experience for an English writer. He gave special attention to the folk-lore, legends, songs, and antiquities of these old Norse ancestors of ours. The illustrations are mostly from photographs, taken by himself, or from

**The Land of the Midnight Sun. Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, with maps and 235 illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo. pp. 440, and 474. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $9.00.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of this book for the use of the fine engravings which grace this article, and which are specimens of two hundred and thirty-five which adorn the book—one of the most sumptuous ever issued from the American press.

VOL. XVI.—No. 1.

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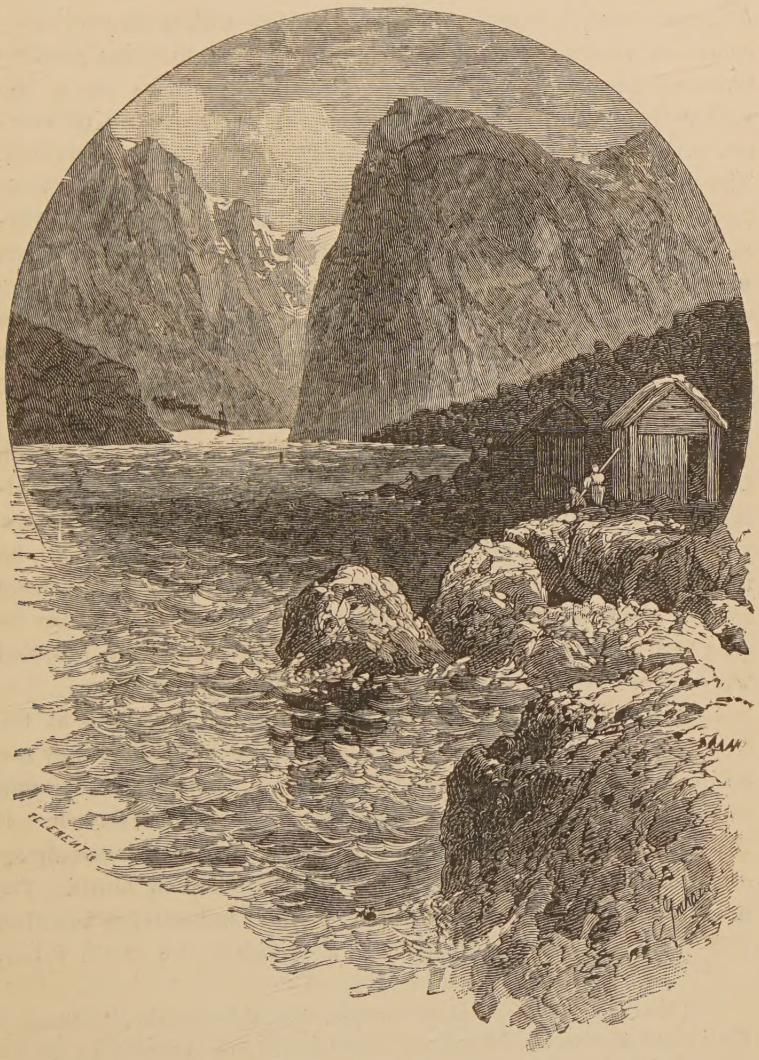
sketches by a Swedish artist. Possessed of a strongly sympathetic nature, and a *naive* simplicity of manner, he takes us at once into his confidence and makes us his personal companions, as it were, so that we almost see through his eyes, and hear with his ears. The weird effects of the midnight sun and mid-winter night are stamped upon the northern mythology, and are strikingly reflected in these pages.

Landing at Gothenburg, the second city for size in Sweden, our author proceeded to Stockholm, its capital, a very picturesque and beautiful city, of which he gives a large two-page engraving. He was favoured with a very unconventional interview with the king. "Before I was a king," said his majesty, "I was a farmer," and they talked of agriculture, schools, railways, and similar topics. On a second visit he found the king in his shirt sleeves painting. He was simple in manners and style of living as any country gentleman. Similar simplicity of manners characterized his people, whom our author found very amiable, kind, and honest. For two months in mid-summer, in the northern part of the peninsula, the sun does not set—quite an advantage in travelling, but till one gets used to it, rather disturbing to sleep. "How beautiful the hour of midnight!" exclaims our author. "How red and gorgeous was the sun! How drowsy the landscape! Nature seemed asleep in the midst of sunshine." By rail and steamboat, and highway and river, he made his way due north—sometimes ascending over forty rapids in a day. The isolation of the people is very great. From one hamlet it was two hundred miles to the nearest doctor. Everything was of the most primitive kind—plates, dishes, and spoons, etc., being made of wood; goats, sheep, and cows, were fed once a day on *fish*. Yet near the North Cape he found a farm-house with a piano, where the ladies spoke, besides Swedish, English, French, and German. In 70° north latitude he gave, by request of the people, a lecture on Equatorial Africa.

On July the 20th, he climbed the peak of North Cape, 980 feet above the sea, in 71°10′ north latitude, the highest latitude in Europe. Before him stretched the illimitable blue of the Arctic Ocean. The sun hung low in the sky. Everything was bleak, dreary, desolate, stern, grand, and sad.

Du Chaillu then plunged into the Lapp country. He reduced his luggage to a minimum—chiefly, he says, writing paper and

maps. But among the *et ceteras* were a pound of coffee and some tea. "It is a great mistake," he says, "to think that the drinking of spirits refreshes the system when overcome with fatigue.



A Norwegian Fjord.
From Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun." Harper Brothers, Copyright.

The immediate effect is stimulating, but half-an-hour after one feels more exhausted than before." This wiry little man had travelled from malarious tropical Africa to the Arctic regions of

Europe—sometimes wading through ice-cold rivers up to his neck—without liquor, and without ever smoking a pipe or cigar in his life.

Crossing the mountains westward he traversed the romantic Atlantic Coast, through scenery of the most sublime description—as shown by numerous engravings—towering mountains, glacier-crowned and feeding copious streams, which leap down the valley slopes, snow-white against a dark back-ground of evergreen. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of these waterfalls. The most striking feature is the magnificent fjords where the sea penetrates, sometimes a hundred miles between mountains towering thousands of feet. In cosy little bays, or lateral valleys, nestle the hamlets of the peeple. The low hanging clouds during much of the year give a more gloomy aspect to the landscape than that of Switzerland. No country in Europe has such vast and numerous glaciers, and fields of perpetual snow. Indeed, the whole of the fjords are manifestly the result of ice action.

The lively little Frenchman made himself a great favourite with the simple farm-folk. When he revisited a place it was "Welcome Paul," and "Good-bye Paul." "Paul, you must eat more, you must not be bashful." "Look at Paul, he is not proud, he is like one of us." "Amerikaner, come to our farm; we have sons in Minnesota, in Iowa, in Wisconsin, when you return be sure to see them;" and they named their children after him, and were unwearying in their kindness and hospitality.*

The peculiar features of farm-life are the summers at the sæters, or mountain pastures, on highlands so bleak that they can be inhabited only from June to September. Young maidens will remain in these solitudes without fear and without danger. If the farm is small all the family go to the sæter, with cows, sheep, goats, and with much trumpeting, and blowing of horns. The mountain life is hardy and healthy, herding and milking the kine, and making butter and cheese. Sometimes the cattle belong

* "I was treated," he says of the peasants of Dalecarlia, "like one of their loved relatives." After his return to America, he received as many as four hundred letters in a year, with such greetings as: "My dear friend and brother Paul." "My unforgotten, my tenderly-beloved Paul." "May God guard thee over the ocean" "A thousandfold dear and repeated greetings from a faithful friend."

to two or three farmers. The houses are small log or stone buildings like Swiss châlets.

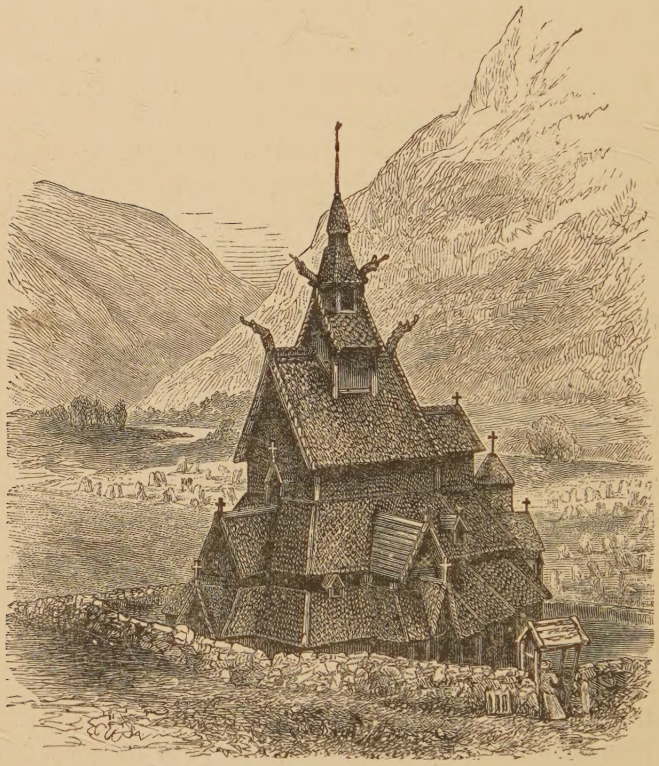
The island of Gotland, in the Baltic, is one of unique historic interest. It was a grand emporium of trade. From India, from Persia, from China, by way of the Volga and the Russian steppes, the wealth of the Orient was poured into the lap of the Occident. Hither came traders from England, Holland, France, and the Mediterranean. Wisby was a great walled city of 12,000 burghers and many more of lesser grade. Here have been discovered rich finds of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Arabic coins—including rare specimens from Bagdad, Samarcand, Bokhara, and other Asiatic cities. More than a hundred churches were built on the island, many of them of stately architecture, whose very ruins are impressive.

Our author treats at length the palæolithic and palæontological remains of the Scandinavian peninsula, which are of great interest and importance. He describes and figures the kitchen-middins, or shell-heaps, the cromlechs and dolmens, and pre-historic flint implements, and ornaments, and pottery of the so-called stone, bronze, and iron ages, which we judge were often contemporaneous and not successive. One of the most remarkable of these finds was an oak-built Viking ship, 42 feet long, with many swords, spears, and shields inside. In 1880 a still more remarkable relic was found—a Viking ship, 76 feet long, and 14 feet wide amidships which is figured in the book. It would answer well Longfellow's description of the "Long Serpent," in his "Saga of King Olaf."

A peculiar feature of Scandinavian trade is the great fairs—annual or semi-annual—which are held in many places. From the fjords and sæters and mountain hamlets swarm the people to the fair-towns in holiday garb, to exchange their hard-earned money for the latest fashions in picturesque apparel or rustic ornaments. It is a time for universal merry-making, giving of presents, and innocent enjoyment.

The architecture of the country has a picturesqueness of its own. One of the most curious examples is the old church at Borgund, dating, probably, from the time of St. Olaf, or of his son, Magnus. Its dark colour and peculiar shape, its successive shingle roofs, ornamented with dragons and crosses, at once arrest the attention. The interior with its curious carvings and

arrangements is almost as odd as the exterior. A space 24 feet square is surrounded by ten pillars, beyond which are the benches for the congregation. The only stone object is the very ancient font. Our author devotes considerable space to this antique



OLD CHURCH AT BORGUND, NORWAY.
From Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun." Harper Brothers, Copyright.

architecture, many of whose remains are among the most interesting in Europe. The carved fonts, tombs, altars, reliquaries, and the like, are shown by numerous engravings, and exhibit much artistic feeling. The domestic architecture, too, is very picturesque. The houses have often broad Swiss-like galleries and balconies, overhanging eaves, carved doorways and porches, as shown in our frontispiece, and in the cut on page eight. The stabbur, or isolated building, shown in the former, is very odd-looking, with overhanging stories, and sometimes outside stairs. It is employed for keeping wearing apparel, or stores, probably

to ensure protection in case of fire. It is often richly carved. Within the dwelling-house one sees quaint rooms, where are found great bedsteads, reached by a high step, and dressers built into a recess in the wall, carved shelves, on which is kept the Bible and a few sacred books, cupboards with old china, and often on the walls or mantels, or over the beds, a pious inscription, or verse of Scripture. "No houses in mediæval Europe," says our author, "can rival in antiquity the farm buildings of Norway." Some date from the eighth century. The exemption of the country from war has permitted them to remain. The same reason has allowed the accumulation of art treasures and paintings. The cut on the following page shows the carved porch of a house over 300 years old.

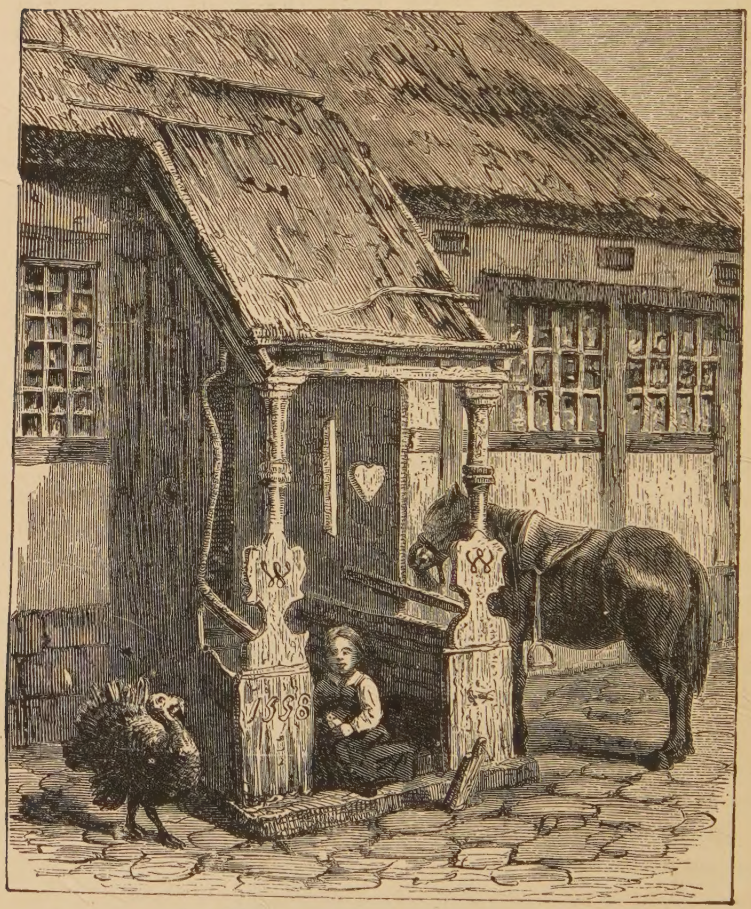
The winter, and especially the Christmastide, is the great season for merry-making in Norway. The farmers rest from their labours, the dairy work is light. The ample leisure is turned into a high festival. Every hamlet and farm is busy in preparing for Christmas; baking, brewing, buying or making Christmas presents, or putting up the Christmas sheaves for the birds, as shown in our frontispiece. Great cart-loads of grain are brought to the towns for this purpose, and every one, even the poorest, buys a sheaf. Even the horses, cattle, sheep, and goats get a double supply of food on this Christian festival. The day before Christmas, everything is ready, the house thoroughly cleaned, and leaves of juniper or fir strewn on the floor. Then the whole family take a hot bath in the bake-house, and put on clean linen and new clothes. In the evening the house-father reads from the Liturgy, or the Bible. Often the houses are illuminated and vigil is kept all night, and the people flock to the churches by torch-light.

Early on Christmas morning the voices of children are heard singing—

> "A child is born in Bethlehem,
> That is the joy of Jerusalem,
> Halle, Hallelujah!"

The boys and girls have a jolly time in out of door sports, especially snow-shoeing. The snow-shoes are very unlike ours in Canada, being from six, or seven, to ten or twelve, or even fourteen or sixteen feet long, and pointed at the ends. They are

made of thin fir wood, four or five inches wide. They are fastened by a loop over the foot and are not raised from the snow, but slid along the surface. The difficulty is to keep them parallel. The natives, Du Chaillu says, can travel with them ten or fifteen miles in an hour. Often on Christmas Eve, a Christmas



OLD HOUSE AT SKANE, NORWAY, 1558.
From Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun." Harper Brothers, Copyright.

tree, and dance, and song, and love-gifts, and mirth, celebrate the happy day. Even the stranger is not forgotten, and friend Paul received many kindly tokens of remembrance. The houses are very comfortable, great porcelain stoves, making them quite warm.

Our author grows enthusiastic over the beauty of the winter woods. After a week's storm the snow lay twelve feet deep on the level. Deep trenches were cut to reach the doors and windows of the houses, and travel for a time was impossible.

The people are very fond of music, singing-clubs, choir-practice, and the like. In some remote towns almost every house has a piano—one for every twenty-five persons. But many of them are small and inexpensive.

Our author made several journeys among the Lapps and Finns, lodging in their skin-tents, living on reindeer's flesh. Some of them, however, live in log, and some in stone and sod-houses. Even the Lapps are religiously instructed, and have, in their sub-arctic solitudes, their Bible and hymn-books, and can often speak Lapp, Finnish, Swedish, and Norwegian. Several portraits of these interesting people—more picturesque than beautiful—are given. One of these Lapps had a sister in Chicago, whom Du Chaillu afterwards saw.

The chief difficulty in driving the reindeer is to keep the sleigh —which is more like a boat with a keel about three inches wide, like the runner of a skate—erect. "You must make up your mind to be upset a great many times," says our author, "before you learn to drive reindeer." We have heard him describe, with much vivacity, his first experience in reindeer driving. He was thrown out of his sleigh four times in ten minutes. Yet he became very expert in the difficult art. The reindeer are not housed like horses, but live in the woods at 30° below zero, finding their food by digging in the snow for moss and lichen. A swift reindeer can travel from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, or a hundred and fifty miles a day—but half that distance is nearer the average.

On the west coast are numerous fishing villages. Sometimes the catch of cod by a single fleet, is half a million in a day. Determined to see everything for himself, the indefatigable Paul went to sea with the fishermen—sharing their toils and dangers. "He never," he says, "heard one of them, under any provocation, swear." Their honesty and piety he highly commends. At Henningsvær he found the church crowded with 3,000 fishermen, each one with his church-service book. "I doubt," he says, "if such a scene could be witnessed in any other Christian country."

Probably no country in Europe has better educational provision than Norway and Sweden. Every village has its school, and every school its library. In one Du Chaillu found 30,000 volumes. There are two universities, with 173 professors, and over 2,000 students, and this in a poor country, with a population only as great as that of Canada. The University of Upsala is over 400 years old. It has a library of 200,000 volumes, and 8,000 MSS., many of them very valuable. English, French, and German literature is well represented in the school libraries,—Dickens and Thackeray being favourites. The art and technological schools are far ahead of anything we can show. We may learn a good deal from our Norse friends. Even in remote farms, the house-mother will teach the younger children, and the father will often train the boys for the high school. In small towns, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, and English are taught, and the three last are frequently spoken by young ladies of the better class.

In the free public and in the private schools 97 per cent. of the children of school-age were in attendance. Half-an-hour every day is spent in Bible-reading, hymn-singing, and prayer; and religion is taught by precept and example. Du Chaillu contrasts this popular diffusion of education with the ignorance of some southern countries of Europe, where the Governments subsidize the theatres and neglect the schools. And the country is not a rich one; but, on the contrary, very poor. In some of the remote parishes, for instance, a farm serving-man will labour a whole year for a wage of ten dollars and a suit of clothes. The aged poor are not herded in great poor-houses, but are boarded round in farm-houses, and treated with much kindness and consideration. To the popular education he attributes the fact that very few strikes or labour troubles occur in Norway, or Sweden, and Communism and Nihilism are unknown.

We have given only a very partial outline of this admirable book, the best that has ever appeared in English on the Scandinavian Peninsula. It lacks somewhat in systematic treatment of the subject, but this lack is more than made up by the sprightly vivacity and good humour of the tourist-author, who, to a keen observation and lively powers of description, adds a power of appreciation of the good qualities of the people and a

disposition to make the best of even his misadventures. He gives much space to the scientific aspects of the country—its geology, climatology, antiquities, art, architecture, and kindred subjects. The prominent feature of the book is its great wealth of illustration, which adds vastly to its interest and makes its descriptions at once more vivid and more clear.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I TAKE my pilgrim staff anew,
Life's path untrodden to pursue,
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view ;
My times are in Thy hand.

Throughout the year, my heavenly Friend,
On Thy blest guidance I depend ;
From its commencement to its end,
My times are in Thy hand.

Shall comfort, health, and peace be mine,
Should hours of gladness on me shine,
Then let me trace Thy love divine ;
My times are in Thy hand.

But shouldst Thou visit me again,
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain,
Still let this thought my hope sustain,
My times are in Thy hand.

Thy smile alone makes moments bright,
That smile turns darkness into light ;
This thought will soothe grief's saddest night,
My times are in Thy hand.

Should those this year be called away,
Who lent to life his brightest ray,
Teach me in that dark hour to say,
My times are in Thy hand.

A few more days, a few more years—
Oh, then a bright reverse appears ;
Then I shall no more say with tears,
My times are in Thy hand.

That hand my steps will gently guide
To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,
Then bear me to the heavenward side ;
My times are in Thy hand.

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.*

I.

THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ZANZIBAR.

TWENTY-EIGHT months had elapsed between my departure from Zanzibar after the discovery of Livingstone and my re-arrival on that island, September 21, 1874. A soft sky of etherial blue covered the hazy land and sleeping sea as we steamed through the strait that separates Zanzibar from the continent. Presently on the horizon there rise the thin upright shadows of ships' masts, and to the left begins to glimmer a pale white mass which, we are told, is the capital of the island of Zanzibar. Still steaming southward, we come within rifle-shot of the low

*This account of one of the most remarkable achievements ever accomplished is given in Stanley's own words, condensed from his two large volumes for this MAGAZINE.

green shores, and now begin to be able to define the capital. It consists of a number of square massive structures, with little variety of height and all whitewashed, standing on a point of low land, separated by a broad margin of sand beach from the sea, with a bay curving, gently from the point, inwards to the left towards us.

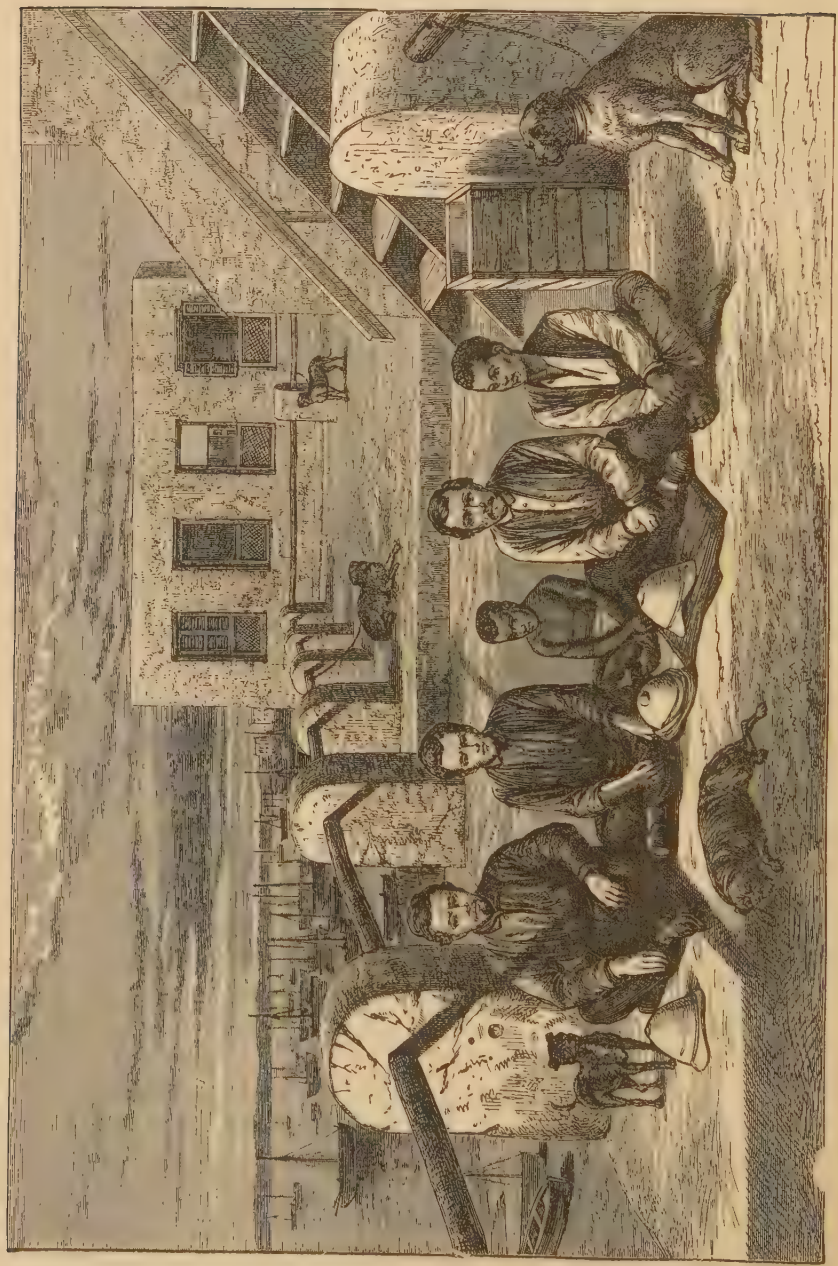
Within two hours from the time we first caught sight of the town, we have dropped anchor about 700 yards from the beach. A number of boats break away from the beach and come towards the vessel. Europeans sit at the stern, the rowers are white-shirted Wangwana, or freed negroes, with red caps. The former are anxious to hear the news, to get newspapers and letters, and to receive the small parcels sent by friendly hands "per favour of captain."

Figures and faces are picturesque enough. Happy, pleased-looking men of black, yellow, or tawny colour, with long white cotton shirts, move about with quick, active motion, and cry out, regardless of order, to their friends or mates in the Arabic language, and their friends or mates respond with equally loud voice and lively gesture, until, with fresh arrivals, there appears to be a Babel created, wherein English, French, and Arabic accents mix with Hindi, and, perhaps, Persian.

In the midst of such a scene I stepped into a boat to be rowed to the house of my old friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, of the Bertram Agency. At this low-built, massive-looking house near Shangani Point, I was welcomed with all the friendliness and hospitality of my first visit, when three years and a half previously, I arrived at Zanzibar to set out for the discovery of Livingstone.

With Mr. Sparhawk's aid I soon succeeded in housing comfortably my three young Englishmen, Francis John, and Edward Peacock, and Frederick Barker, and my five dogs, and in stowing safely on shore the yawl *Wave*, the gig, and the tons of goods, provisions, and stores I had brought.

Life at Zanzibar is a busy one to the intending explorer. Time flies rapidly, and each moment of daylight must be employed in the selection and purchase of the various kinds of cloth, beads, and wire, in demand by the different tribes of the mainland through whose country he purposes journeying. Strong, half-naked porters come in with great bales of unbleached cottons,



FRANK AND EDWARD POCOCK, FRED BARKER, AND NATIVE BOYS.

striped and coloured fabrics, handkerchiefs and red caps, bags of blue, green, red, white and amber-coloured beads, small and large, round and oval, and coil upon coil of thick brass wire. These have to be inspected, assorted, arranged, and numbered separately, have to be packed in portable bales, sacks, or packages, or boxed according to their character and value. The house-floors are littered with cast-off wrappings and covers, box lids, and a medley of rejected papers, cloth, zinc covers and broken boards, sawdust and other débris. Porters and servants and masters, employés and employers, pass backwards and forwards, to and fro, amid all this litter, roll bales over, or tumble about boxes; and a rending of cloth or paper, clattering of hammers, demands for the marking pots, or the number of bale and box, with quick, hurried breathing and shouting, are heard from early morning until night.

From the roof of the house we have a view of the roadstead and bay of Zanzibar. Generally there ride at anchor two or three British ships of war just in from a hunt after contumacious Arabs, who persist against the orders of their prince, in transporting slaves on the high seas.

During the day the beach throughout its length is alive with the moving figures of hamals, bearing clove and cinnamon bags, ivory, copal and other gums, and hides, to be shipped in the lighters waiting along the water's edge, with sailors from the shipping, and black boatmen discharging the various imports on the sand. In the evening the beach is crowded with the naked forms of workmen and boys preparing to bathe and wash the dust of copal and hides off their bodies in the surf. Some of the Arab merchants have ordered chairs on the piers to chat sociably until the sun sets, and prayer-time has come.

The intending explorer, bound for that dark edge of the continent which he can just see lying low along the west as he looks from Zanzibar, has thoughts of this hour which the resident cannot share. As little as his eyes can pierce and define the details in that gloomy streak on the horizon, so little can he tell whether weal or woe lies before him. The whole is buried in mystery, over which he ponders, certain of nothing but the uncertainty of life. Yet will he learn to sketch out a comparison between what he sees at sunset and his own future. Dark, indeed, is the gloom of the fast-coming night over the continent, but does he not see

that there are still bright flushes of colour, and rosy bars, and crimson tints, amidst what otherwise would be universa blackness? And may he not, therefore, say—"As those colours now brighten the darkening west, so my hopes brighten my dark future!"

VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE SEA-FRONT OF ZANZIBAR, FROM THE WATER BATTERY TO SHANGANI POINT.

It is impossible not to feel a kindly interest in Prince Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, and to wish him complete success in the reforms he is now striving to bring about in his country. He we see an Arab prince, educated in the strictest school of Islam, and accustomed to regard the black natives of Africa as the lawful prey of conquest or lust, and fair objects of barter, suddenly turning round at the request of European philanthropists and becoming one of the most active opponents of the slave trade—and the spectacle must necessarily create for him many well-wishers and friends.

The first decided steps taken by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa were due to the influence of Livingstone's constant appeals. Some of his letters, they will remember, were carried by me to England, and the sensation caused by them was such as to compel the

British Government to send Sir Bartle Frere in the *Enchantress*, as a special envoy to Zanzibar to conclude his treaty with Prince Bargash.

SEYYID BARGHASH.

The Universities Mission, at Zanzibar, is the result of the sensation caused in England by Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambezi, and of Lake Nyassa and Shirwa. It was despatched by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the year 1860, and consisted of Bishop Mackenzie, formerly Archdeacon of Natal, and the Rev. Messrs. Proctor, Scudamore, Burrup, and Rowley. These devoted gentlemen reached the Zambezi River in February, 1861.

Many noble souls of both sexes perished, and the good work seemed far from hopeful. Almost single-handed remains the Rev. Edward Steere, faithful to his post as Bishop and Chief Pastor. He has visited Lake Nyassa, and established a Mission halfway; he superintends and instructs lads and young men as printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and in the practical knowledge of other useful trades. His quarters represent almost every industrial trade useful in life as occupations for members of the lower classes, and are in the truest sense an industrial and religious establishment for the moral and material welfare of a class of unfortunates, who deserve our utmost assistance and sympathy. This extraordinary man, endowed with piety as fervid as ever animated a martyr, looms grander and greater in the imagination as we think of him as the one man who appears to have possessed the faculties and

gifts necessary to lift this Mission, with its gloomy history, into the new life upon which it has now entered. With all my soul I wish him and it success, and while he lives, provided he is supported, there need be no fear that the Mission will resume that hopeless position from which he, and he alone, appears to have rescued it.

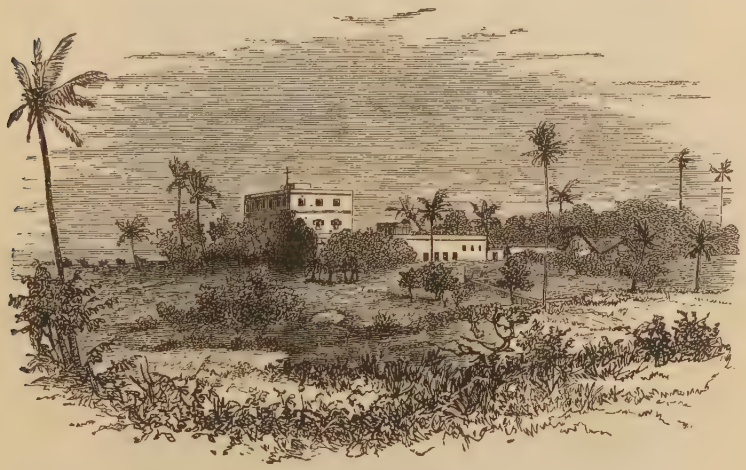
There are two other Missions on the East coast of Africa, that of the Church Missionary Society, and the Methodist Free Church at Mombasa. The former has occupied this station for over thirty years. But these Missions have not obtained the success which such long self-abnegation and devotion to the pious service deserved.

NEW CHURCH ON SITE OF OLD SLAVE-MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

A tramway is the thing that is specially needed for Africa. All other benefits that can be conferred by contact with civilization will follow in the wake of the tramway, which will be an iron bond, never to be again broken, between Africa and the more favoured continents.

After nearly seven years' acquaintance with the Wangwana, or free negroes, I have come to perceive that they represent in their character much of the disposition of a large portion of the negro tribes of the continent. I find them capable of great love and affection, and possessed of gratitude and other noble traits of human nature: I know too that they can be made good, obedient servants, that many are clever, honest, industrious, docile, enter-

prising, brave, and moral; that they are, in short, equal to any other race or colour on the face of the globe, in all the attributes of manhood. They possess, beyond doubt, all the vices of a people still fixed deeply in barbarism, but they understand to the full what and how low such a state is; it is, therefore, a duty imposed upon us by the religion we profess, and by the sacred command of the Son of God, to help them out of the deplorable state they are now in. It is to the Wangwana that Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant owe, in great part, the accomplishment of their objects, and while in the employ of those explorers, this race rendered great services to geography.



UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT MBWENNI, ZANZIBAR.

It is a most sobering employment, the organizing of an African expedition. You are constantly engaged, mind and body; now in casting up accounts, and now travelling to and fro hurriedly to receive messengers, inspecting purchases, bargaining with keen-eyed, relentless Hindi merchants, writing memoranda, haggling over extortionate prices, packing up a multitude of small utilities, pondering upon your lists of articles wanted, purchased and unpurchased, groping about in the recesses of a highly exercised imagination for what you ought to purchase, and cannot do without, superintending, arranging, assorting, and packing. And this under a temperature of 95° Fah.

In the midst of all this terrific, high-pressure exercise arrives the first batch of applicants for employment. For it has long

ago been bruited abroad that I am ready to enlist all able-bodied human beings willing to carry a load. Ever since I arrived at Zanzibar, I have had a very good reputation among Arabs and Wangwana. They have not forgotten that it was I who found the "old white man"—Livingstone—in Ujiji, nor that liberality and kindness to my men were my special characteristics. All those who bore good characters on the Search Expedition, and had been despatched to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872, were employed without delay.

COXSWAIN ULEDI, AND MANWA SERA, CHIEF CAPTAIN.

All great enterprises require a preliminary deliberative palaver, or, as the Wangwana call it, "Shauri." The chiefs arranged themselves in a semi-circle and I sat *à la Turque* fronting them. "What is it, my friends? Speak your minds." "We have come, master, with words. Listen. It is well we should know every step before we leap. A traveller journeys not without knowing whither he wanders. We have come to ascertain what lands you are bound for." I described in brief outline the prospective journey.

"But, master," said they, after recovering themselves, "this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years!" "Nonsense," I replied. "Six, nine, or ten years! What can you be thinking of?"

"Ah, but you know the old master, Livingstone, he was only going for two years, and you know that he never came back, but died there."

The steamer had brought the sectional exploring boat, *Lady Alice*, to Zanzibar. It was 40 feet long, 6 feet beam, and 30 inches deep, of Spanish cedar $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick. When finished, it was separated into five sections, each being 8 feet long. If the sections should be over-weight, they were to be again divided into halves for greater facility of carriage. Exceedingly anxious for

THE "LADY ALICE" IN SECTIONS.

the portability of the sections, I had them at once weighed, and great were my vexation and astonishment when I discovered that four of the sections weighed 280 pounds each, and that one weighed 310 pounds! She was, it is true, a marvel of workmanship, and an exquisite model of a boat, but in her present condition her carriage through the jungles would necessitate a pioneer force, a hundred strong, to clear the impediments and obstacles on the road.

While almost plunged into despair, I was informed that there was a very clever English carpenter, named Ferris, about to leave by the *Euphrates* for England. He promised to defer his departure one month, and to do his utmost to make the sections portable without lessening her efficiency. I explained that the narrowness of the path would make her portage absolutely impossible, for since the path was often only eighteen inches wide in Africa, and hemmed in on each side with dense jungle, any

package six feet broad could by no means be conveyed along it. It was, therefore, necessary that each of the four sections should be subdivided, by which means I should obtain eight portable sections, each three feet wide. Mr. Ferris, with the aid given by the young Pococks, furnished me within two weeks with the newly-modelled *Lady Alice.*

The pride which the young Pococks and Frederick Barker entertained in respect to their new duties, in the new and novel career of adventure now opening before them, did not seem to damp that honourable love of country which every Englishman abroad exhibits, and his determined to gratify if he can.

They, a few days before our departure, formed themselves into a deputation, and Frank, who was spokesman, surprised me with the following request :—

"My brother, Fred Barker, and myself, sir, have been emboldened to ask you a favour, which no doubt you will think strange and wrong. But we cannot forget, wherever we go, that we are Englishmen, and we should like to be permitted to take something with us that will remind us of who we are, and be a comfort to us even in the darkest hours of trouble, perhaps, even encourage us to perform our duties better. We have come to ask you, sir, if we may be permitted to make a small British flag to hoist above our tent, and over our canoe on the lakes."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "you surprise me by imagining for one moment that I could possibly refuse you."

"Thank you kindly, sir. You may rest assured that we have entered your service with the intention to remember what my old father and our friends strictly enjoined us to do, which was to stick to you through thick and thin."

The young Englishmen were observed soon afterwards busy sewing a tiny flag, about eighteen inches square. While they were occupied in the task they were very much interested, and when it was finished, though it was only the size of a lady's handkerchief, they manifested much delight.

One of the richest merchants in Zanzibar is Tarya Topan—a self-made man of Hindostan, singularly honest and just ; a devout Muslim, yet liberal in his ideas ; a sharp busiuess man, yet charitable. I made Tarya's acquaintance in 1871, and the just manner in which he then dealt by me caused me now to proceed to him again for the same purpose as formerly, viz., to sell me

cloth, cottons, and kanikis, at reasonable prices, and accept my bills on Mr. Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph.*

The total weight of goods, cloth, beads, wire, stores, medicine, bedding, clothes, tents, ammunition, boat, oars, rudder and thwarts, instruments and stationery, photographic apparatus, dry plates, and miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention, weighed a little over 18,000 pounds, or rather more than eight tons, divided as nearly as possible into loads weighing 60 pounds each, and requiring, therefore, the carrying capacity of 300 men. The loads were made more than usually light, in order that we might travel with celerity, and not fatigue the people.

TARYA TOPAN

Two hundred and thirty men affixed their marks opposite their names before the American Consul, for wages varying from two to ten dollars per month, and rations, according to their capacity, strength, and intelligence, with the understanding that they were to serve for two years, or until such time as their services should be no longer required in Africa, and were to perform their duties cheerfully and promptly. On the day of "signing" the contract, each adult received an advance of $20, or four months' pay, and each youth $10, or four months pay. Ration money was also paid them from the time of first enlistment, at the rate or $1 per week, up to the day we left the coast. The entire amount disbursed in cash for advances of pay and rations at Zanzibar and Bagamoya was $6,260, or nearly £1,300.

The obligations, however, were not all on one side. I was compelled to bind myself to them, on the word of an "honourable white-man," to observe the following conditions as to conduct towards them :—

1st. That I should treat them kindly and be patient with them.

2nd. That in case of sickness I should dose them with proper medicine, and see them nourished with the best the country afforded.

3rd. That in cases of disagreement between man and man, I should judge justly, and honestly, and impartially.

4th. That I should act like a "father and mother" to them, and to the best of my ability resist all violence offered to them, by "savage natives, and roving and lawless banditti."

They also promised, upon the above conditions being fulfilled, that they would do their duty like men, would honour and respect my instructions, giving me their united support, and endeavouring to the best of their ability to be faithful servants, and would never desert me in the hour of need. In short, that they would behave like good and loyal children, and "may the blessing of God," said they, "be upon us."

How we kept this bond of mutual trust and forbearance, and adhered to each other in the hours of sore trouble and distress, faithfully performing our duties to one another: how we encouraged and sustained, cheered and assisted one another, and in all the services and good offices due from man to man, and comrade to comrade, from chief to servants, and from servants to chief, how we kept our plighted word of promise, will be best seen in the following pages, which record the strange and eventful story of our journeys.

The fleet of six Arab vessels which were to bear us away to the west across the Zanzibar Sea, were at last brought to anchor a few yards from the wharf of the American consulate. The day of farewell calls had passed, and ceremoniously we had bidden adieu to our numerous friends.

By five p.m. of the 12th November, 224 men had responded to their names, and five of the Arab vessels, laden with the *personnel*, cattle, and *matériel* of the expedition, were impatiently waiting, with anchor heaved short, the word of command. One vessel still lay close ashore, to convey myself and Frederick Barker—in charge of the personal servants—our baggage, and dogs. Turning round to my constant and well-tried friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, I fervently clasped his hand, and with a full heart though halting tongue, attempted to pour out my feelings of gratitude for his kindness and long-sustained hospitality, my

keen regret at parting, and hopes of meeting again. But I was too agitated to be eloquent, and all my forced gaiety could not carry me through the ordeal. So we parted in almost total silence, but I felt assured that he would judge my emotions by his own feelings, and would accept the lame effort at their expression as though he had listened to the most voluble rehearsal of thanks.

A wave of my hand, and the anchors were hove up and laid within ship, and then, hoisting our lateen sails, we bore away westward to launch ourselves into the arms of Fortune. Many wavings of kerchiefs and hats, parting signals from white hands, and last long looks at friendly white faces, final confused impressions of the grouped figures of our well-wishers, and then the evening breeze had swept us away into mid-sea beyond reach of recognition.

The parting is over! We have said our last words for years, perhaps for ever, to kindly men! The sun sinks fast to the western horizon, and gloomy is the twilight that now deepens and darkens. Thick shadows fall upon the distant land and over the silent sea, and oppress our throbbing, regretful hearts, as we glide away through the dying light toward the Dark Continent.

"TOWARDS THE DARK CONTINENT."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

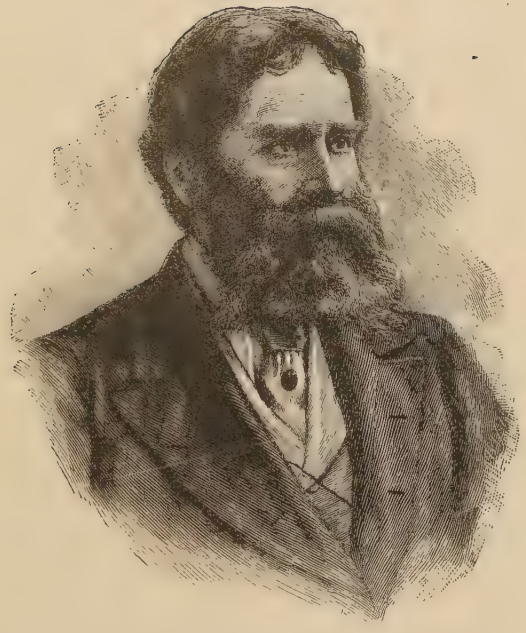
BY THE REV. LEROY HOOKER.

In one particular, at least, we of this generation have improved upon the ways of our respected grand-parents. We know a poet as soon as we have heard him sing; and are ready to crown him as soon as he has given full proof of his call, gifts, and acquirements. We do not, by cold neglect, necessitate the leaving of any pecuniary profits of his work as a possible but doubtful legacy to his distant offspring, nor the waiting for such praises as were his due here until the better appreciation of heaven has rendered that of the earth of little value. If we had a John Milton, with a "Paradise Lost," to dispose of—it is no vain boasting to say—we would not send him out of the world with "little faint praise" and £5 sterling, and a promise of another £5 when 1,300 copies of the work were sold. No, indeed! We recognize, we read, we praise, and we pay our poets, while they are yet alive. The lines are fallen to them in pleasant places and they have a goodly heritage.

And it is well, both for us and for them, that this is so. The true poet is among us as a mountain-man whose brow is lifted into a light that does not shine upon the brows of other men only as he catches and deflects it down to them. At once a seer and an interpreter, it is his divine calling and gift to see, and then interpret to the masses below the beauty of truth and the truth of beauty. But, the while, he is so thoroughly human at every point that he will sing the oftener and the truer and the sweeter for the generous tokens of appreciation which it has become our rule to bestow. And if you study carefully the record of any

* We are indebted to the courtesy of the authorized publishers of Lowell's works for the admirable portrait which accompanies this article. The following is a partial list of the several editions of his works which they issue :

Poems—*Blue and Gold Edition.* 2 vols. 32mo., $2 50.
The same—*Cabinet Edition.* 2 vols. 16mo., $3 00.
The same—*Diamond Edition.* $1 00.
The same—*Red Line Edition.* 16 illustrations and portrait. 4to, $2 50.
The same—*Household Edition.* With portrait. 12mo., $2 00.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

generation of men who starved the hearts and the stomachs of their poets, you will find that they were men who did not care for the very best in anything, and who fell short of the very best in every thing.

Among the masters of the divine art, yet living or only lately deceased, who have been permitted in their lifetime to wear the honours and reap the substantial fruits of their works, the name of James Russell Lowell is worthy of being written, we judge, if not in the first rank, certainly first in the second rank.

It may not be too much to say that among the English-writing bards of the century, Tennyson's only near competitor for the first place is Longfellow; and that Longfellow's title to a place above Lowell is based not so much to his having projected upon the thought and sentiment of the century a more potent and permanent influence, as upon the fact that he has given us, in "Hiawatha," the nearest approach to a great epic poem that has been produced within the period—not excepting anything that even Tennyson has written.

But we confess that we are jealous for the future reputation of Lowell. He cannot afford to be best known as the author of "The Biglow Papers," and other humorous poems, over which people delight to linger and laugh. And this danger—the danger of being best known as a great humourist—is precisely what he is threatened with. He has done that class of writing so well, the rhymes are so felicitous, the quaint drollery is in such perfect keeping with the characters depicted—now of the acute, then of the obtuse, and again of the utterly bad American—the satire is so keen, the wit is so sprightly and sparkling, and withal, there rings through the whole a moral sentiment so manly and uncompromising that there is reason to fear that the

The same—*Illustrated Library Edition.* With portrait and 32 full-page illustrations. 8vo. Cloth $4 00.

The Biglow Papers—*First and Second Series.* 16mo., $1 50 each.

Fireside Travels—Essays on Cambridge, Moosehead, a Sea Voyage, and Italy. 16mo., $1 50.

Among my Books. Essays, mostly Critical. *First and Second Series.* 12mo., $2 00 each.

My Study Windows. Essays,—Critical, Literary, and Miscellaneous. 12mo, $2 00.

Complete Works—New uniform edition, 5 vols. 12mo., $9 00.

men of the future will write him "Author of the Biglow Papers *and other poems.*"

Neither he nor the world can afford this. The jester is sure of his reward, such as it is, from the men and women who now people the earth. They are worried and wearied by the intense activities of mind and body required by modern life. Very gratefully falls upon the ear and heart the voice of the merry-maker. The tired world will pause anywhere and any time to listen to him. It will laugh. It will also pay, and pay liberally. But it does not take its merrymaker into the bower where it woos and wins its chosen life-mate, nor into the closet and the sanctuary where it worships God, nor to the chamber of its dying, nor to the grave of its dead.

Now, we protest, there is no good reason why Lowell should be taken by the world into the most sacred places of its love, its worship, and its grief. According to his measure he is first the poet of the heart, of nature, and, in some degree, of religion; then, if you will, of "The Biglow Papers."

Who that has ever read his "First Snow Fall," can have failed to feel the pulsing in his heart of all that is tender and holy in human feeling, and to recognize in his diction the true poet-power to utter it in words of becoming beauty? As it is not in our plan to offer many extracts we scarcely need apologize for inserting the greater part of this exquisite poem:

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Here is another example taken from "Pictures from Appledore," which reveals such insight into the deeper meanings of nature, such capacity to be touched with the feeling of her beauty and grandeur, and such power to translate them into language as are rare even amongst poets. After many a masterstroke of description that almost makes you vow a pilgrimage to the original of the delicious picture, he tells you—

Only be sure you go alone,
For grandeur is inaccessibly proud,
And never yet has backward thrown
Her veil to feed the stare of a crowd.
She hides her mountains and her sea
From the harriers of scenery,

Who hunt down sunsets and huddle and bay,
Mouthing and mumbling the dying day.
Trust me 'tis something to be cast
Face to face with one's self at last,
To be taken out of the fuss and strife
The endless clatter of plate and knife,—

and many another bore—books and people and the singular mess called Life where that is held to be best which the greater number of fools call best—

And to be set down on one's own two feet
So nigh to the great warm heart of God,

You almost seem to feel it beat
Down from the sunshine and up from the sod ;

and to be compelled to note—

All the beautiful changes and chances
Through which the landscape flits and glances,
And to see how the face of common day
Is written all over with tender histories,
When you study that intenser way
In which a lover looks at his mistress.
Till now you dreamed not what could be done
With a bit of rock and a ray of sun.

It would be treason to Lowell to sum him up as a poet without having given some special study to his rendition of what he understands to be the marrow of Christianity. This he has given in a multitude of passages which could scarcely have been written by a man whose soul had not been rendered sensitive to that highest type of moral beauty that radiates only from the Christ. But in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" he is not merely the poet whose ready sympathies kindle at the vision of the true and the beautiful—he is the scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God, and he is even more, for, like royal David, while he speaks of the things he has made touching the king, his heart boils over with the fervency of delight in his the good matter it is inditing, and his hand moves swiftly as though it did write for very joy.

Sir Launfal would go in search of the Holy Grail. Now, the Holy Grail was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with His disciples. The legend upon which "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and many another beautiful poem are founded, declares that this cup was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and that no one could retain the custody of it who was not chaste in body and in soul. One of the keepers having broken his vow of chastity, the cup disappeared, and thereafter any knight who would win the noblest distinction consecrated himself to the quest of the Holy Grail, and as a necessary qualification to success, to a life of spotless chastity.

And so, fired with this holy ambition, Sir Launfal cried—

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,

For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail ;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

In his vision Sir Launfal seemed to ride forth over the drawbridge, and through the dark arch, and out into the great world—

To seek in all lands the Holy Grail.

But just as he passed—

Through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

But that unaccountable beggar refused to lift the gold from the dust, and lifted up his voice in a doctrine as new to the lips of mendicancy as to the ears of the lordly donor—

" Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door ;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

And then, in his dream, Sir Launfal rode on and on, and days and years came and went, until a worn old man—and without success in his search for the Holy Grail—he returned to the neighbourhood of his castle. It was Christmas night and the cold was exceeding bitter, and—

The wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own.
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

He knew that another heir possessed his earldom, but—

Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

And so he sat all night and mused of a sunnier clime—

And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.

And as he mused of burning sands, and camels moving toward little springs "that laughed and leapt in the shade," a voice broke on his ear—

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,
The leper lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern Seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

Then Sir Launfal's compassions were stirred and with the pious invocation—

"Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,
Behold, through Him, I give to thee!"—
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas rich wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

And behold—

> The leper no longer crouched at his side,
> But stood before him glorified,
> Shining and tall, and fair and straight
> As the pillar that stood by the beautiful gate,—
> Himself the Gate whereby men can
> Enter the temple of God in Man!

And, then, in sweet words that fell softer than autumn leaves upon the ground, softer than flakes of snow upon water, the Lord Christ spake in "a voice that was calmer than silence," and said—

> "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
> In many climes without avail,
> Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
> Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
> Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
> This crust is My body broken for thee,
> This water His blood that died on the tree;
> The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
> In whatso we share with another's need;
> Not what we give but what we share,—
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

At this point the vision faded, and—

> Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound
> "The Grail in my castle here is found!"

and from that day he faithfully practiced the lessons he had learned in his dream.

> The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
> Has hall and bower at his command;
> And there's no poor man in the North Countrie
> But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

Our feeling is that to say anything in praise of such a poem is much the same thing as to say beauty is beautiful, strength is strong, and truth is true.

And now—if it be an offence—we beg Mr. Lowell's pardon and that of all who may honour these lines with a perusal, for having filled our space with more serious matters to the exclusion of the

famous "Biglow Papers." It is not because we do not read them, still less that we do not enjoy them. Many a fit of the blues have they put to flight for us, and we never lay them down, after a fresh reading, without feeling a certain bracing up of our moral vertebra. We counsel others to read them, and we pity and almost pray for any one who cannot enjoy them. But all the same we prefer to think of them as Lowell's amusement, and to make them ours, and to cherish his name as that of one whom heaven has ordained seer of truth and beauty in their most exquisite forms—and interpreter of these in a diction which for high poetic qualities has rarely been surpassed.

Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., 22nd Feb., 1819. He graduated at Harvard, in 1838, and recited a "Class Poem" which attracted much attention by its vigorous satire and sharp wit. Having chosen law as his profession, he pursued the necessary studies at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. He opened an office in Boston the same year, but soon abandoned the profession and gave up all his time and energies to literature.

His first volume of poems entitled, "A Year's Life," was pubpublished in 1841. It was never reprinted, but many of the poems which appeared in it—after careful revision in his more mature years—were incorporated in later collections of his writings.

In 1843 Lowell joined Robert Carter in the publication at Boston of "The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine," which, through the insolvency of the publishers, came to an untimely end, after the issue of only three monthly numbers.

Then followed a volume of poems in 1844, and a prose volume entitled "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," wherein the author's clean-cut and vigorously expressed opinions on politics, slavery, and other topics of interest began to compel general attention.

A second series of his poems, enriched by "The Present Crisis," and "Anti-Texas," appeared in 1848. In the same year he also gave to the world "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and the incomparable "Biglow Papers," whose blistering satire and irresistible humour were mainly directed against slavery and the Mexican War of 1846-47.

In later years the list of his poems has been greatly enlarged, quite beyond our space to mention, and his earlier prose has been succeeded by two volumes of excellent literary essays entitled "Among my Books," and "My Study Windows."

Lowell has developed a many-sided genius. He has travelled extensively; has lectured on the British poets; has been professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College; has done editorial work, as principal on the *Atlantic Monthly*, and as associate on the *North American Review;* and he is now the honoured representative of the great Republic as Minister to the British Court.

His merits as a man of letters has been adequately recognized by the two great universities of England, Oxford, having conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., in 1873, and Cambridge, that of LL.D., in 1874.

READINGS FROM LOWELL.

THE CRISIS.

WHEN a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

TO W. L. GARRISON.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man ;
The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean ;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly ; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less :
What need of help ? He knew how types were set,
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed !
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day burst !

What ! shall one monk scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown ?
Brave Luther answered Yes ; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain !
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes conquests o'er the wave ;
And love lives on and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read for ever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,—
One onward step of Truth from age to age.

Men slay the prophets ; fagot, rack, and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past ;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;
Thereby a law of Nature is become,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

SOME PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF NATIVE TRIBES OF CANADA.*

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THE physical characteristics which distinguish certain native races of the Dominion, and especially certain of their typical head-forms, help to throw light on the origin, distribution, and classification of races, not in Canada only, but throughout the New World. The prevalence throughout America of various artificial modifications of skull-forms is well known. This strange custom is probably at the present time carried on more systematically among the different tribes of Flathead Indians of British Columbia, than in any other region; though abundant evidence exists to show its prevalence both in past and present times among many tribes and nations in very different stages of progress, alike in North and South America. It has, indeed, attracted more general attention than most other characteristic practices of the American aborigines, owing to its prevalence alike among the most barbarous and most civilized races. To all appearance the Peruvians and Mexicans had developed independent phases of progress in arts, science, and social policy, without any knowledge of each other. Nevertheless we trace the singular practice of moulding the human head into abnormal forms, alike among the civilized races of Peru, the ancient lettered architects of Central America and Mexico, and among barbarous tribes both to the east and west of the Rocky Mountains. The earth-works of the Mississippi Valley Mound-builders have been found to cover artificially flattened crania; and the student of American native civilization, as he turns from pondering over the bas-reliefs, and hieroglyphics of the sculptured slabs of Palenque and Uxmal, is startled to find that the cranial forms and strange physiognomical contour of the architectural races of Central America are reproduced among some of the most barbarous living

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tribes of Oregon and British Columbia. But, now that the study of craniology has been carried out by many intelligent observers, the fact is becoming familiar to us that artificial cranial deformation is no peculiarity of the American continent, either in ancient or modern times. The compressed crania of the Asiatic Macrocephali attracted the attention of Hippocrates five centuries before the Christian era; and Blumenbach, the foremost of European craniologists, figured in the first fasciculus of his "Decades Craniorum," in 1790, an imperfect compressed skull, received by him from Russia as of a Tartar; but which he unhesitatingly designated an Asiatic Macrocephalus. The conclusion thus arrived at has been sustained by subsequent discoveries; and as attention is more widely directed to the general subject, the results are found to have a special value for the American ethnologist.

It seems probable that the name of Macrocephali, like that of our own Flatheads, did not probably belong to any single tribe, or even distinct race of ancient Asia; but had its origin in the effort, by artificial means, to produce the patrician head-form, primarily characteristic of some dominant, or conquering race. Among the Chinooks and other Flathead tribes of this continent, and also apparently, among the builder-races of Yucatan and Peru, certain head-forms were recognized as partaining exclusively of the ruling caste. Within the Flathead area of British Columbia the compressed and distorted skull is even now the symbol of aristocracy; and adopted captives, or slaves, are precluded from giving the prized deformity to their offspring. Hippocrates refers to the Macrocephali as a people among whom "those are thought the most noble who have the longest heads." Skulls of this type have been recovered in recent years from ancient graves in the Crimea. Still more illustrative of the effort at superinducing a novel form among races of a naturally short-head type, are the examples of compressed Hun or Avar skulls found from time to time on the line of march of the great Hunish invasions of Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries. One of the first examples of such mediæval compressed crania which attracted special attention in Europe was found, in 1820, near Grafenegg, in Austria. Count August von Breuner, the proprietor of the soil, acquired possession of it, and at once ascribed it to the Avarian Huns, who occupied that region from the middle of the sixth

until the eighth century. Retzius gave a description of this skull in the proceedings of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm; and showed that it was in reality a naturally short skull, such as the Mongol affinities of the Avars would suggest, but that by artificial compression it had been elongated, vertically, or rather obliquely.

More recent discoveries of artificially compressed crania on European sites, have removed all doubts of their native, or intrusive Asiatic origin. It thus appears that the barbarous practice is neither recent, nor peculiar to the New World. Neither to America nor to Europe do those examples of mediæval and ancient compressed crania really belong; but seemingly to native tribes of the steppes of Northern Asia, in the vast wilds of which we lose them as they spread away eastward toward the Okhotsk Sea and the Aleutian Islands. It may indeed be an American practice which Asia borrowed: for the affinities of race between the tribes of the islands and Asiatic mainland immediately to the west of Behring Straits point to a migration to Asia from America. Such, however, is limited and exceptional. On evidence which embraces the ethnical characteristics of a very wide Asiatic area, the Mongolian classification of the American Indian is confirmed by many significant points of resemblance in form, colour, texture of hair, and peculiar customs and traits of character. The striking resemblance noted by Humboldt as existing between the American race and the Mongols of Asia, received independent confirmation from Dr. Charles Pickering, as the result of his extensive observation of the races of both continents, in his capacity of ethnologist to the American Exploring Expedition. Such affinities are still further confirmed, as we recover the traces of the singular practice of cranial deformation extending in ancient and mediæval times eastward from the Euxine, and beyond the Altai mountains. To those little-known areas of northern Asia we have yet to turn in quest of the footprints of one of the immigrant routes to the New World. There it is, in the vast unknown regions of Asiatic Russia, that we may hope to recover evidence confirmatory of at least one source of the Asiatic relations of the American race.

It is now a recognized fact that the artificial head-forms characteristic of diverse tribes of North and South America vary greatly, from the extreme depressed forehead and laterally

compressed skulls of races that rivalled the ancient Macrocephali in their estimation that "the most noble are those who have the longest heads," to some among the Cowlitz or Chinook tribes of British Columbia, whose heads are compressed into a flattened disk. The two artificial extremes find their analogues in the distinct divisions of long and short head-forms among well-known northern tribes. The predominant natural form, characteristic of the more southern tribes of North America, appears to have been short, or, as it is sometimes called, globular. But along the regions of the great lakes, in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and northward throughout the whole Eskimo area, the long head-form prevails. The native races of the Dominion, and especially the earliest known aborigines of Upper and Lower Canada, appear to have been all of the same type; and so to have formed a class markedly distinct from the short, or globular headed races of the south, whose head-form was for a time regarded as typical of the whole American race. Of the Indians of Hochelaga, first met by Cartier, in 1535, we are able to judge from crania recovered from their cemeteries. The palisaded Indian town of Hochelaga occupied, in the sixteenth century, part of the site of Montreal, and in the museum of McGill College may be seen examples of the crania, as well as specimens of the flint implements and pottery dug up on its site. Its traces revealed nothing suggestive of any other rudiments of civilization than have long been familiar to the American student of primitive arts, in the abundant remains of Indian settlements throughout the area of the eastern States, and on the sites of the Iroquois Confederacy in the state of New York. Their earthenware pots and bowls of various sizes were decorated with rude yet tasteful incised patterns; and the handles were further ingeniously modelled at times into human and animal forms. Tobacco pipes also, both of stone and earthenware, here as elsewhere, were special objects of artistic ornamentation. Stone and flint implements, bone needles and bodkins, also abounded; but of metal only very rare traces of the cold-wrought copper tool gave any indication of even the first rudiments of metallurgic art. In truth, Canada has no such evidences, even of an incipient native civilization, as the remarkable earthworks which abound in the great river valleys to the south of Lake Erie. To all appearance, through unnumbered centuries, the tide of human

life has ebbed and flowed, to the north of the great lakes, and in the valley of the St. Lawrence, as unprogressively as on the great steppes of Asia, among the Bedouin tribes of the Arabian peninsula, or around the tropical lakes of equatorial Africa. Such footprints as the wanderers have left on the sands of time tell us no more than the ripples on the sea beach, and are indeed still more evanescent. Nevertheless, in all their distinctive characteristics, the tribes of our Canadian forests and prairies present much in common with those by whom the whole area of this northern continent, southward to the Gulf of Mexico, appears to have been occupied when first brought under the notice of European explorers.

It is indeed a noticeable fact in reference to the entire population of this western hemisphere, throughout areas so widely differing in climate and physical geography as are embraced within the region extending from the arctic circle to Terra del Fuego, that the diversities of race are slight when compared with those which pertain to what, historically speaking, are the older continents. It seems to force on us the conclusion that, however remotely we may trace our way back into unrecorded centuries, ere we reach the time when man made his first appearance on the American continent: so far as the multiplication of diverse racial varieties afford any evidence, it is recent when compared with the peopling of the ancient world. To this indeed one important exception has been suggested in the assumption of a direct affinity between the hyperborean tribes of this continent and the men of Europe's palæolithic era; and it is accordingly referred to hereafter in its bearings on some general conclusions.

Great, however, as is the superficial resemblance which seems to pervade the diverse tribes of the American continent, some of the underlying differences were noted from the first. Columbus, with an eye quick to discern all that was peculiar in the novel scenes on which he was the first to gaze, failed not to note the marked distinction between the fair complexion of the Guanches, who were brought under his notice on his first voyage, and the reddish-olive of the ferocious Caribs. Apart from this purely physical distinction, these Guanches attracted his attention by their gentle manners and inoffensive habits. From them he learned of the Caribs, as a fierce, warlike people occupying the neighbouring islands and the mainland, of whom they lived in

constant dread; and who subsequently became familiar to the Spaniards as a ferocious, crafty, and revengeful race, delighting in cannibalism. Hence it is apparent that from the first both physical and moral differences, of a sufficiently marked character, were observed among native tribes of the New World.

But while it is deserving of notice that the aborigines of Canada do differ in certain physical characteristics from those especially of the more southern states of North America, it is undoubtedly true that an approximate correspondence is common to many tribes both in North and South America. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the idea of their constituting one native stock distinct from all the races of the Old World, and agreeing in the possession of physical characteristics peculiar to themselves, should have been accepted for a time as indisputable. The vague generalizations of travellers, and the current forms of popular belief, however, gradually acquired consistency as an accepted canon of ethnical science; until, in the final embodiment of Dr. Morton's matured opinions, he affirmed the American race to be essentially separate and peculiar, and with no obvious links, such as he could discern, between them and the people of the Old World, but a race distinct from all others.

Until very recent years this was accepted as no less indisputable than any axiom of Euclid. American ethnologists were agreed as to the predominance of one ethnical type throughout the whole western hemisphere; while those of Europe with rarer opportunities for personal observation, were predisposed by all the narratives of early voyagers to accept the conclusion that the man of the New World was a well-defined variety, if not a distinct species, of the genus *Homo*.

Among what may be designated typical Canadian skulls, those of the Hurons of the region lying around the Georgian Bay have a special value. They represent a native race which, under various names, extended from the Lower St. Lawrence westward to Lake St. Clair, the *Ouane-doté*: including the Petuns, Neuters, Hurons, Eries, and other Wyandot tribes, of the same stock as the Iroquois; but to whose implacable enmity their extermination was ultimately due. The native population first met with by Cartier and the French explorers of 1535, is believed to have been of the same Wyandot stock; but before the return of the French under Champlain, in 1603, they had been exterminated,

or driven westward to the later country of the Hurons, on the Georgian Bay, There they were first visited by Champlain in 1615, and subsequently by the French Jesuit missionaries who, in 1639, found them occupying thirty-two palisaded villages. Brébœuf reckoned their number in 1635 at thirty thousand, and they are estimated, in the "Relation" of 1660 at thirty-five thousand. Already, at that early date, the whole country westward from the Ottawa to the Huron country around Lake Simcoe, had been depopulated, and reduced to a desert, by the wrath of the Iroquois. Charlevoix assigns the year 1655 as that of the destruction of the Attiwendaronks, or Neuters, who occupied the fertile Niagara peninsula between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario; and the Eries, whose name is perpetuated in the great lake on whose shore they dwelt, had already been exterminated by the violence of the same kindred race, before the French explorers had even ascertained the existence of the lake which bears their name. In the earlier French maps an imaginary river extends uninterruptedly from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario.

Minute information has been preserved of the Hurons in their later home, derived chiefly from the "Relations" of the Jesuit Fathers, communicated to the Provincial of the Order at Paris, from 1611 to 1672. We thence learn accurate details of their great "Feast of the Dead" celebrated at intervals of ten or twelve years, when the remains of their scattered dead were gathered from old scaffolded biers, or remote graves, and deposited with grand ceremonial and mourning in the general cemetery of the tribe. In the vicinity of the sites of their palisaded villages extensive ossuaries have repeatedly been found; and there are now preserved, in the museum of Laval University at Quebec, upwards of eighty skulls recovered from the Huron cemeteries of St. Ignace, St. Joachin, St. Mary, St. Michael, and others of the Huron villages, so designated by the French missionaries who visited them in the seventeenth century, and laboured for the conversion of the Indians there. Other examples are preserved in the museum of Toronto University. Dr. Taché, by whom the most extensive researches were carried on, presented ten Huron skulls to the London Anthropological Society; and specimens have been sent by Dr. Wilson to the museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.

A special value attaches to the skulls recovered from those

Huron ossuaries, from the fact that the race was exterminated, or driven out of the country, by their Iroquois foes, in 1649; and hence the crania recovered from their old cemeteries may be relied upon as giving a fair illustration of the physical characteristics of the race. The descendants of a small band of Huron refugees, rescued from the general massacre, and brought by the French missionaries to Quebec, still survive at the Huron village of Lorette, on the St. Charles river; but they have long since lost the pure traits of full-blooded Indians, and are chiefly interesting now from the evidence they give of the survival alike of native intellectual and physical traits, after an interval of well nigh two centuries and a half passed in intimate intercourse, and latterly of frequent intermarriage with the French habitans.

But this is only one among many varieties of the American man. It is vain to assign to the so-called Red Race a unity, either in characteristics, or in origin. Not by one, but by diverse routes have the fathers of the American nations found their way thither: some by Behring Straits and the Aleutian Islands; others by more southern routes across the broad Pacific, aided by winds and currents, and passing onward from island to island of the great archipelago; others, as we know, by Iceland and Greenland, across the northern Atlantic; and others again—as philological evidence seems to indicate,—along the same route as that which Columbus successfully pursued in 1492.

But such ideas of a derivative origin of the American aborigines are of very modern growth, and are only now displacing long accredited beliefs. That the man of this New World must prove a being essentially different from any known race of Europe, Africa, or Asia, was an opinion which assumed ever stronger credibility, as the idea of Columbus that he had landed on the eastern Continent faded away from the minds of his successors. The Indians of his new-found world were no natives of Cipango, or the valley of the Indus; and the literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries abounds with evidence that it was much easier to persuade the men of that age that Calibans and monstrous Anthropophagi peopled the strange regions beyond the Atlantic, than that these were inhabited by human beings like themselves.

Even Columbus, it has to be remembered, in searching for

evidence to confirm his own scientific demonstration that the world was a sphere, and so, that the eastern continent could be reached by a western route, attached special value to indications of the existence of a transatlantic continent, derived from the fact that the bodies of two dead men had been cast ashore on the island of Flores, differing essentially in features and physical characteristics from any known race. When, at length, the great discoverer set foot on the islands first visited by him, the peculiarities which marked the gentle and friendly race of Guanahanè were noted with curious minuteness ; and their "tawny or copper hue," their straight, coarse, black hair, strange features, and well-developed forms, were all recorded as objects of interest. On his return, the little caravel of Columbus was freighted not only with gold and other coveted products of the New World, but with nine of its natives, brought from the Islands of San Salvador and Hispaniola, eight of whom survived to gaze on the strange civilization of Spain, and to be themselves objects of scarcely less astonishment than if they had come from another planet. Such was the earliest knowledge acquired by the Old World of the type of humanity generically designated as the Red Indian ; and the attention which its peculiarities excited when thus displayed in their fresh novelty has not yet exhausted itself, after an interval now little short of four centuries.

When Prior Fernando de Talavera of Salamanca summoned a meeting in the Convent of San Estebán, in the year 1487, to take into consideration the proposition of Columbus that the earth was not a plane, but a sphere ; and that, by sailing in a western course, land, which he assumed must be the most eastern coast of Asia, would be reached : the assembled philosophers and theologians gravely pronounced the idea of the earth's spherical form heterodox, and a belief in antipodes incompatible with the historical traditions of our faith ; since to assert that there were inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe, would be to maintain that there were nations not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have passed the intervening ocean. We smile at the orthodox philosophers and theologians of the fifteenth century, who, with the help of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, proved this western hemisphere to be an impossibility ; yet it is curious to detect the same old prejudices unconsciously influencing the minds of some of the acutest men

of science in very recent years. What else was it, if not this "impossibility for them to have passed the intervening ocean," or in other words, to have sprung from the same stock, which led the late Professor Agassiz—a scientific observer of rare sagacity and experience, and one who regarded the entire question of American ethnology from a point of view peculiarly his own,—to adopt the conclusions of Dr. Morton, in spite of the palpable inconsistency of the evidence which he was so well qualified to estimate at its true worth? In his "Sketch of the Natural Provinces of the Animal World, and their relation to the different Types of Man," while appealing to the results arrived at by Dr. Morton, in reference to the imagined unity of the whole American aborigines as "a single race," he reaffirms the homogeneous characteristics and ethnic insulation of the American Indian on entirely novel grounds. After defining the evidence on which his general conclusion is based, that the boundaries within which the different natural combinations of animals are circumscribed on the surface of the earth coincide with the natural range of distinct types of man, he proceeds to show that America, including both its northern and southern continent, differs essentially from Europe and Asia, or Africa, in being characterized throughout by a much greater uniformity in all its natural productions, than comparison enables us to trace in the Old World. He then adds: "With these facts before us, we may expect that there should be no great diversity among the tribes of man inhabiting this continent; and indeed the most extensive investigation of their peculiarities has led Dr. Morton to consider them as constituting but a single race, from the confines of the Esquimaux down to the southernmost extremity of the continent. But, at the same time, it should be remembered that, in accordance with the zoological character of the whole realm, this race is divided into an infinite number of small tribes, presenting more or less difference one from another."

It is interesting thus to recall the matured opinions of this leader of scientific thought among ourselves in very recent years, and review them now in the light of the great revolution since wrought in the entire compass of ethnical and biological science. It is indeed curious to endeavour now to realize to ourselves what distinct idea was present in his mind when Agassiz apportioned his essentially diverse types of man to their specific "natural

provinces;" or what Dr. Morton's conception was when, after affirming one of the three propositions which he believed himself to have established, to be "that the American nations, excepting the polar tribes, are of one race and one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical, but differ in intellectual character:" he fancied that any difficulty, arising from such physical diversities as it was impossible for even him entirely to ignore, could be removed by advancing the hypothesis, that "these races originated in *nations*, and not in a single pair; thus forming proximate but not identical species." The only thing which is at all clear is the assumption of what may be called a gregarious creation; the summoning into existence, by some unknown process, or creative fiat, of an entire race, or nation, at the first peopling of this New World with its own specific aborigines, "essentially different from the rest of mankind."

But early and more recent writers concur in excepting the polar tribes, or Eskimo, from the assumed American race peculiar to this continent. Latham says of the Eskimo: "physically he is a Mongol and Asiatic; philologically he is American, at least in respect to the principles upon which his speech is constructed." But whencesoever we may derive them, they too are ancient and widely scattered occupants of the strange inhospitable region appropriated to themselves. One branch of them, the Labrador Eskimo, borders on our Eastern settlements on the St. Lawrence: beyond these are the East and the West Greenlanders, and numerous other Arctic tribes.

This race, though corresponding in ethnical character, is broken up, by the exigencies of their rigorous climate, into small and isolated bands, dispersed for the most part over a coast line extending from Labrador to Behring Straits upward of 5,000 miles, and migrating with the animals on which they depend for subsistence. They are hunters and fishers. The deer, the polar bear, the wild goose, swan, and other birds that resort to Arctic breeding grounds, are alike objects of the chase; but they primarily depend on seals and cetaceous animals, the blubber of which furnishes food calculated to beget the animal heat which enables them to brave the severity of an Arctic climate. *Eskimántzik* appears to be an Abenaki term signifying "eaters of raw flesh;" and as such indicates the surprise with

which even the Indian nomads of New England viewed the strange habits of the hyperborean hunters with whom they were occasionally brought into contact. The Eskimo, however, is neither ignorant of the use of fire, so indispensable to him in his rigorous climate; nor is he an exception to the fitting definition of man as "the Cooking Animal;" though in his peculiar condition of exposure to an arctic winter, raw blubber is at once a necessity and a luxury.

In one respect the Eskimo occupy a peculiar position on this continent. They are the only race common to the Old and the New World; and, if we accept the conclusion arrived at by Prof. Boyd Dawkins, they constituted an Old World race to all appearance before this New World had come into existence. The ancient cave-men, the contemporaries of the mammoth, and other long-extinct mammals of central Europe, have naturally excited an unwonted interest, as their arts and their remains have been brought to light in recent years. A people of lowest type, as illustrated by the famous Neanderthal skull, that of the Forbes quarry near Gibraltar, and of the Gourdon grotto, with some imperfect traces of others, all classed under the common term of "The Canstadt race," is now assumed to represent the earliest, if not indeed the primæval man of ancient Europe. So far as rudest flint implements afford any evidence of his condition, we might class him with the Bosjesman, the Australian, or the Patagonian of our own day. The evidence, however, in proof of the special characteristics assigned to this Canstadt savage race of palæolithic Europe, rests on insufficient grounds.

But however uncertain our conclusions may as yet be relative to this assumed primæval European type, there is no doubt as to the Cro-magnon race of the reindeer period of southern France. Examples have, indeed, by no means been confined to that area. The Enghis skull was found, with other human remains, embedded in a breccia along with teeth of the fossil mammoth, rhinoceros, horse, and reindeer, in a cavern on the left bank of the Meuse; and the Mentone cave, to the south of the Alps, disclosed an undisturbed sepulchre of the same ancient hunter race. But a special interest attaches to the remains brought to light in 1858, in the rock shelter of Cro-magnon, in the valley of the Vésère. Three men, a woman and a child, had all been buried in the cave. From their remains it is seen that the race was unusually tall, and

bore equally little resemblance to the Neanderthal or "Canstadt' type, or to the modern Eskimo. The best preserved skulls—those of an old man and a woman,—are finely proportioned, with large, high foreheads, and great cerebral capacity. M. Broca stated that of the man to be fully 1590 cubic centimetres, or 96.99 cubic inches; and Dr. Pruner-Bey says of two of the male skulls and that of the female, they "have a cranial capacity much superior to the average of the present day." It may remind us of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace's remark that "natural selection could only have endowed savage man with a brain a little superior to that of an ape, whereas he actually possesses one very little inferior to that of a philosopher."

In discussing the fascinating idea which would recover, in the hyperboreans of our own northern frontiers, the men of the same migratory race that, before the close of the pleistocene age, followed the musk-sheep and the reindeer of Europe into their northern haunts, Professor Dawkins reviews the habits of the Eskimo, as a race of hunters, fishers, and fowlers, accumulating round their dwellings vast refuse heaps similar to those of the cave-men of ancient Europe. The implements and weapons of both do indeed prove that their manner of life was the same; and as he notes the use at times by the Eskimo of fossil mammoth ivory for the handles of their stone scrapers, he adds: "It is very possible that this habit of the Eskimos may have been handed down from the late pleistocene times." But what strikes him as "the most astonishing bond of union between the cave-men and the Eskimos is the art of representing animals;" and after noting those familiar to both, along with the correspondence in their weapons, and habits as hunters, he says: "all these points of connection between the cave-men and the Eskimos can, in my opinion, be explained only on the hypothesis that they belong to the same race."

The hypothesis is a bold one which would thus assign to the rude arctic hunters of this continent a pedigree and lineage compared with which that of the Pharaohs is but of yesterday. To the geologist who fully realizes all that is implied in the slow retreat of the race of the valley of the Vésère over submerging continents since engulfed in the Atlantic, and through changing glacial and sub-glacial ages, to their latest home on the verge of the pole, the time may suffice for any amount of change in the

physical characteristics of the race. But if these have vanished how is the lineal descendant of the palæolithic cave-men to be identified? Not by mere imitative art; for that is common to many widely dissimilar races of the American continent. Professor Dawkins says truly of the cave-man, "he possessed a singular talent for representing the animals he hunted; and his sketches reveal to us that he had a capacity for seeing the beauty and grace of natural form not much inferior to that which is the result of long-continued civilization in ourselves, and very much higher than that of his successors in Europe in the Neolithic age. The hunter who was both artist and sculptor, who reproduced with his imperfect means at one time foliage, at another the quiet repose of a reindeer feeding, has left behind the proof of a decided advance in culture, such as might be expected to result from the long continuance of man on the earth in the hunter state of civilization." All this is correct in reference to the art of the Cro-magnon carvers and engravers, and seems in full accordance with the fine heads and great cerebral development of the ancient race; but it would be gross exaggeration if applied to such conventional art as the Eskimo arrow-straightener which Professor Dawkins figures, with its formal row of reindeer and their grotesque accessories. The same criticism is equally applicable to numerous other specimens of Eskimo art, and similar Innuit, or western Eskimo representations of hunting scenes, such as those figured by Mr. William H. Dall, in his "Alaska," which he describes as "drawings analogous to those discovered in France in the caves of Dordogne."

The imitative faculty and artistic skill of the old Mound-builder race are very familiar to us; and have furnished valuable evidence of a knowledge by them of a tropical fauna, including animals of the southern continent, suggestive of the probable direction of their own migrations, and their consequent affinity to southern races. Within our own Canadian Dominion the arts of the Queen Charlotte Islanders are no less worthy of note. Their curiously conventional style is shown alike in their idols, or manitous, elaborately carved in black argillaceous stone, and in the corresponding decorations of their lodges. In front of each Haida dwelling stands an ornamented column formed in many cases of the trunk of a tree large enough to admit of the doorway being cut through its substance. This column, or obelisk, is

carved throughout its whole length in their peculiar conventional style of ornamentation, suggestive at times of affinities to Peruvian sculpture; or, again, of borrowed art of possible Japanese origin. But already the imitative faculty of the Haida artist leads him to revert to European models; his traditional patterns and devices will speedily be among the lost arts of this continent, and the race itself, it is to be feared, is doomed to speedy extinction. All the more urgent is it that no time shall be lost in the accumulation of every available fact and illustrative specimen of their curious art. Already a valuable contribution to this has been furnished in Dr. George M. Dawson's "Report on the Queen Charlotte Islands," and an interesting series illustrative of their arts is now preserved in the museum at Ottawa.

The Tawatin Indians on the Fraser River work with no less ingenious skill, and in a like style of combined imitative and conventional art, suggestive at times of curious analogies to some of the finished sculptures of Yucatan. Some of their ivory carvings are executed with a minute delicacy of workmanship such as no Eskimo carver could surpass; but with the same kind of conventional ornamentation as is in use by the Haida artists, strongly suggestive of inherited modes of thought, and traces of intercourse or relationship with the ancient civilized races of Central America.

If, then, it be a fact borne out by much independent evidence, that from the extremest northern range of the arctic Eskimo, southward to the Great Lakes, and beyond this, especially to the east of the Alleghany Mountains, amid considerable diversity of ethnical characteristics, one long type of head prevailed; whereas among all the more southern tribes, a short, rounded head was common; this seems to point to a convergence of two distinct lines of migration from opposite centres. In this, the evidence thus derived from physical characteristics confirms what is indicated by wholly independent evidence of language, traditional customs, and native arts. At periods probably very wide apart, races from the Old World have reached the shores of the American continent and planted there the germs of its later tribes; even as now under such strangely altered circumstances, the people from Iceland, Russia, Germany, Sweden, France, England, and Ireland; from Japan and China; are crowding to our shores, and peopling the continent with very diverse races.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

III.

Dr. Punshon lived in profound sympathy with Nature and had a keen appreciation of its beauties. He could say with the poet—

> Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* has been drawing the contrast between the present appreciation of natural scenery and the neglect of it in former times, and has been trying to answer the question why there is in mankind a love for scenery. He makes the perception of life the first element in our enjoyment of natural scenery, the perception of beauty, the second, and the perception of power on a large scale the third, adding to these sources of attraction another charm, that of solitude.

Dr. Punshon always spoke in rapture of English scenery, with its meadows and forests, gentle streams and rounded hills, and thought that our Canadian landscape was on too large a scale for requisite beauty. I remember on one occasion, travelling on the Great Western from Toronto to Hamilton, he called my attention to a lovely dell just outside the city, now embraced I believe, within Lorne Park, and said, "that's like a bit of English scenery." He used to say that the only things that ever moved him to tears were the Falls of Niagara, representing in their might the perpetuity of motion, and the Yosemite Valley with the El Capitan rock, the very emblem of the grand majestic immutability of the handiwork of the Creator. Beyond all doubt these two objects are the culminating points of grandeur and sublimity, the most glorious of all Nature's handiworks. It is Kingsley who says, "You cannot describe the indescribable," Trollope writes, "Of all the sights on this earth of ours, I give

the palm to Niagara. I know no other thing so beautiful, so glorious, or so powerful. While you gaze aghast at the glory, the thunder, the majesty, the wrath of the hell of waters, no words that were ever coined can describe your feelings."

Trollope had never seen that Apocalyptic vision, the Yosemite Valley, with its mountains, precipices, and the resistless sweep of its mighty cataracts, or he would have made it divide the honours with Niagara.

Dr. Punshon's sensibility to mountain scenery was at times too deep and strong for his nature to bear. I remember a marked evidence of this. In the descent of the Rocky Mountains the scenery becomes grand and picturesque and from snow-capped mountain peaks we entered a deep and rocky ravine, one of the sublimest of mountain defiles. Dr. Punshon's delight was unbounded, he had gone to the front of the train, where he could get a good view of the mountain walls and overhanging cliffs on either side; he had felt the throb of the engine as it curved and frowned and shuddered and darted around sharp curves, through dark tunnels, over rushing rivers, into rocky cuts and out of them again, awaking the thundering echoes as we sped along, until he began to count the chances of a safe escape from this wild, wondrous place; when, lo! in sudden surprise the canyon widened into a lovely valley, and as far as the eye could reach stretched one of the fairest and most perfect of landscapes. He had been wrought up to the highest point of tension. The revelation of power, of grandeur, of beauty, was too much for him, and in the reaction from this rapt exaltation of spirit, his nerves were all unstrung, and there came a feeling of illness upon him.

So, too, when we entered the Yosemite Valley, that vision of glory indescribable, that scene of pillared cliffs and roaring cataracts, impressive and lovely and awe-inspiring beyond description. We had ridden in a stage-coach from Stockton over a rough and open prairie up the San Joaquin Valley, across the Stanislaus and Tuolumne Rivers, up sloping summits and over mountains that offered glorious prospects. Then we had taken saddle horses and ridden twenty miles or so, through grand and gloomy forests of gigantic pines, amid the topmost peaks of the Sierras, with the swelling hills all around us, and ravines of awful solitude on either side. Through such scenes we approach this wonder of Nature, this scene of infinite beauty and sublimity.

Suddenly we come upon the valley's tremendous battlements. We stand in awe before the revelation of granite walls and towering peaks, and lofty domes and cataracts shimmering in the sunlight. Overwhelmed with the sense of majesty and vastness, and with a strange spell thrown over our spirits, we make the descent half riding, half scrambling down the zig-zag, break-neck path along the face of the precipice. It was too much for Dr. Punshon and with difficulty did he reach the hotel in the valley. He thought it was physical exhaustion, but it was indescribable and profound sympathy of soul and sentiment with Nature in its bewildering variety, and beauty, and grandeur. I did not know what it meant until we had come out of the valley.

The mule train was to leave about noon, and I proposed a morning excursion to the Vernal and Nevada Falls. Dr. Punshon did not feel able for the extra journey, Brother Benson did not care to go, so Mr. Herbert Mason and myself rose early and started through the wild gorge to these cataracts of diamonds. On we rode among the odorous pines, walled in on either side by giant cliffs, rising 5,000 feet above the valley. What a morning ride that was, under the shadow of pinnacles and towers and domes of rock, fascinated by the weird music of the many-voiced waterfalls, thundering out their worshipful adoration—"the sound of many waters" swelling up through the balmy air like the song of the Redeemed! Then dismounting we scrambled up the steep acclivities, under a shower of spray that wet us to the skin, amid the circling arches of rainbows that hung in the sunlight and floating mists about us, until we commanded a full view of this most exquisite of falls. As it shot its whitened foam down through the air, the cooling spray rose up and kissed our brow, until we seemed to feel the baptismal touch of the Almighty. Farther up were the Nevada Falls, the stream of water in its passage blossoming into spray, snow-white and delicate, and rising up a vision of supernal beauty. Oh, the supreme glory of that hour! Returning, we joined the train, rode along the Merced under the granite walls of this mountain canyon, this temple of the Lord's own rearing, and out of the valley until at length the night found us at the hotel from which we could again take the coach. I had been wild with the excitements of the day. My whole being had quivered before the unveiling of such majesty, and now that the toil and the inspiration were over, I sank into

the depths. I was in utter despondency and wept, I could not tell why. The party tried to rouse me but in vain. There was one who knew my case, and how gentle he was! He told me that I was going through just what he had suffered.

To show how keenly Dr. Punshon appreciated nature, let me give his own account of our trip to the Geysers, a description which will be read with all the more zest since I believe this is the first time it has ever appeared in print on this side the sea:

"We left San Francisco" he observes, "in the afternoon by the steamer, *New World*. Crossing the magnificent harbour, which deserves all the praise it has received, we passed through a strait three miles wide, into the bay of San Paolo (everything here is named after a saint, so pervasive is that old religion for which the Spaniards strove and suffered). This bay is about twelve miles wide, and nearly circular. At its head lies Vallejo, a finely-situated little town of about a thousand inhabitants, at the foot of sloping hills, and with a land-locked harbour. In the young days of the State there were many aspirants to the dignity of being the capital, and Vallejo and Benicia were emulous of the honour. For a brief while each of them was in favour, but Sacramento was considered the more eligible, and finally chosen. At Vallejo we took train for Calistoga, through the beautiful Napa Valley. This valley is thirty miles long and five miles at its widest, but narrows gradually as you approach its head. On either side are steep mountains, and the little Napa River winds silently through it. Calistoga, the Saratoga of the Pacific coast, is charmingly situated, though too quiet for the *habitués* of eastern watering-places. There are sulphur springs of excellent brimstone quality in the neighbourhood, and hard by there is a "petrified forest," which is reputed a great curiosity in its way. We had no time to visit it, but obtained specimens of the wood which had been turned into stone. Our hotel at Calistoga had beautifully ornamented grounds, with several cottages for the convenience of families in the summer. We had the novel sensation of occupying one of these cottages for the night, which bore the name of "Occidental House." In front of the cottage a fan-leaved palm was growing. By six o'clock in the morning we were astir, and ready for our day's drive to the Geysers.

"The programme was that we were to be driven for the first

twelve miles, by Connolly, to 'the station,' where Foss, his partner, was to take us in hand, and drive us to the Geysers and back; Connolly awaiting our return, and driving us again to Calistoga. We had heard of Foss and Connolly as 'the champion drivers of the world,' so were prepared for skilful charioteering, though hardly for the kind of road we had to travel. The ride for the first twelve miles, under Connolly's guidance, was most charming. We passed through the Napa, Knight's, and Alexander valleys.

"There was a beautiful variety in the landscape. We were all the while under the shadow or on the slopes of lofty mountains; now climbing a rough foot-hill, now dashing through a lively little stream; now crossing a high ridge that reminded one of a ride over Dartmoor, and now galloping over a smooth road cut midway from the summit, like the road to Watersmeet from that inimitable Lynmouth, and gazing alternately upon the heights above and into the depths below. Ever and anon there was a madrone grove, with bark of bright red and leaves of brilliant green; the manganita blossoms displayed their coralline beauty, and the fine old oaks—cousins-german, if not of nearer kin, to our own of England—gave a chastened mellowness to all the rest, as their mistletoe-weepers drooped gracefully, and all pierced as they were by generations of wood-peckers, who had turned them into larders for their winter's stock of acorns. The birds sang merrily around, for, amongst other things akin to English, it seemed as though the birds had English throats, and knew right well how to warble. Mount St. Helena, the topmost peak of the Mayacamas mountain chain, four thousand three hundred feet high, overtopped all other hills, and was our companion through the journey. At a road-side inn where we stopped the horses, and which was shaded by an enormous oak-tree some twenty-two feet in girth, the driver told us that the landlord had been married twenty-five years without offspring, and was then blessed with a child, whose merry face gleamed upon us at the moment from the doorway, as if to furnish the illustration of the story, and that when Barnum passed that way two years before, with characteristic audacity, he offered two hundred dollars for the child, that he might add it to his Museum.

"At about a quarter past nine we arrived at 'the Station,' a solitary house, where the King of the Road resides. We were

soon taken in hand by him—Mr. Clarke Foss, the champion driver, a splendid specimen of a man, tall, stout, handsome, well-proportioned, of immense strength, a Vermonter, the last man to try a fall with, of great endurance, of temperate habits, an autocrat in his way—a tolerably healthy ghost, as he calls himself, who weighs, without his boots, two hundred and fifty pounds. His team of six horses were rapidly harnessed, and we were off. With all the despotism of a Czar, Foss told us the hours we were to observe, and the rules for successful and enjoyable riding. We were not long in discovering that, besides his physical qualities, he had mental and moral ones—inimitable coolness, shrewd mother-wit, great power of nerve and will, and a lawless and a primitive sense of natural justice. We soon made the acquaintance of his team, of which he makes companions—'John' and 'Ned,' the well trained and highly educated leaders; 'Heenan' and 'Limber Jim,' the swing (the latter starting off so rampant that Foss told him in words which he could not fail to understand—for he says they know his talk if it isn't good—that he would come back like a sick cat; and 'Hemingway' and 'Jeff Davis,' the wheelers; the latter, as might be supposed, a reconstructed rebel, who had been released only a week before, and who certainly justified the amnesty, for he worked in his new sphere vivaciously, obediently, and well.

"But how shall pen describe the ever-growing excitement and interest of that wonderful ride? When the first very steep place came, and we crossed it at a swinging trot, there were involuntary exclamations from several of our party. Foss turned round and declared himself to be a perfectly safe driver, 'the biggest coward that ever pulled a rein.' On the first breathless spurt of the horses over what seemed to us palpably dangerous ground, the hands almost involuntarily clutched the iron that there might be at any a delusion of safety. Foss turned round again: "When I was a lad, I once tried to hold a ship, but I found I couldn't," and with provoking calmness whipped his horses briskly, and left us to make the application. Oh, that wonderful ride! Up and on, up and down and on, now pausing on a plateau to trace the Russian River through its windings for thirty miles and more; now climbing towards the pole on the summit of the Geyser mountain, the

horses pulling, stretching, trotting, galloping, with waving manes and tails erect with excitement, encouraged with a whoop and a halloo; Foss now flinging the reins on one side in a heap, to turn the leaders round a corner so sharp that when we had turned it, the leaders were abreast of the swing; now lifting the whole team, as it seemed, simultaneously from the ground as if grasped in a strong hand; speaking cheerily to the flagging, or reproachfully to the eccentric or to the lazy; surely never was a drive so exciting; and when we crossed the 'Hog's Back,' a bristling 'razor' of a mountain, across which a road had been cut just wide enough for the waggon and no more, with two thousand feet sheer down on either side, and crossed it at full gallop for two miles and a half, the horses flying like the coursers of the sun; and, finally, when the Geyser Canyon and the Pluto river appeared in sight—but eighteen hundred feet below us, and the road so frightfully steep as to suggest nothing but the side of a house, and we plunged down the declivities and rounded the curves on a keen trot, and with an apparent recklessness of life and limb, the interest culminated into a painful excitement, and we stepped from the carriage at the foot of the hill like Fitz-James after the combat—

> Unwounded at the dreadful close,
> But breathless all.

I suppose Foss is ignorant of the science of mathematics, but his driving was the most accurate and skilful calculation, both of force and distance, that I ever knew.

"We were almost too exhausted with excitement to walk through the Canyon; which we made the effort to do, however, to be *en régle*, and under the guidance of a very stupid guide. It is very wonderful. There is nothing on the Pacific Coast like it. Descending from the hotel—a two-story frame building, with spacious verandah, comfortable enough, probably, in the season—you meet, about 75 feet below, a spring of clear water, transparent as crystal, and almost close to it a spring of iron, sulphur, and soda, temperature 73° Fahrenheit. The first spring as you go up the Geyser gulch is one of tepid alum and iron (temp. 97 deg.), with a very heavy iridescent incrustation of iron, which forms in a single night. Twenty feet from this is the Medicated Geyser Bath, temp. 88 deg., containing ammonia,

Epsom salts, magnesia, sulphur, and iron. As you pass up the Canyon, the ground on which you tread yields to the footsteps, as if there were cavernous regions not far away, and you begin humming almost unconsciously, 'Facilis descensus Averni.' Bye-and-bye you come to spots which are yet more suggestively infernal. The 'Witch's Caldron'—a horrible mouth in the black rock, seven feet in diameter, of unknown depth, whose contents, thrown up two or three feet, are semi-liquid, and blacker than ink; the 'Devil's den,' dark as Erebus; the 'Devil's ink-stand,' from which, if you so please, you can write a legible letter on the spot; the 'Devil's kitchen,' where the black water 'bubbles, and seethes, and hisses, and roars' as if the hell-broth were continually brewing; the 'Mountain of Fire,' with its hundred orifices; and the great 'Steam-boat Geyser,' sounding like a great high-pressure boiler blowing off steam, so heated as to be invisible until it is six feet from the mouth, not to mention minor cells in the unceasing laboratory, where alum, magnesia, tartaric acid, Epsom salts, ammonia, nitre, and sulphur are all being worked, as by unseen chemists, into marvellous combinations. As you look upon them all, and upon the blasted Canyon, bare of heath and flower, and in which not a solitary grass-blade grows, though to the very verge the greensward comes lovingly, and over it bend the pitiful trees, like Mercy over an obdurate sinner, you need no livelier representation of hell. It is a strange sight, and has left a weird memory. Bunyon never was in California, but the hole in the hill, to which the pilgrims were 'had round' from the Delectable Mountains, exists in this Geyser Canyon—in whose neighbourhood, if you take the physical aspects merely, are the fit types of Eden and Gehenna."

Dr. Punshon's splendid talents and great fame gave us a ready passport to everything of interest, and every facility for becoming acquainted with the social life and institutions, the varied resources and impressive wonders of the great Pacific Coast. The whole journey was an ovation; everywhere the desire to hear him was unbounded, and when we left Victoria, making the homeward journey, by way of Paget's Sound, Washington Territory, and Oregon, as we sailed over that wealth of waters, the "Mediterranean of the Pacific," the people of the Sound were determined, if possible, to hear Dr. Punshon, and exacted from

the captain a promise to delay an hour and a half at Seattle, if he could make it in time, and if the Dr. would consent to deliver an address. Well, the captain having "determined to make Seattle on time or blow up," the place was reached in safety, and the ship's company hurried up to the tunnel-shaped hall to find it already well filled with a gathered and expectant crowd, that had been summoned together, by telegraph, to hear the famous orator.

His lectures were half sermons. He saw the advantage of the lecture platform, and erected it into a kind of free pulpit. His platform utterances, not only gave great delight, but conveyed important moral lessons. Without this his incomparable power of eloquence were vain, for the absence of the moral element and purpose—

> "Takes
> From our achievements when performed at height,
> The pith and marrow of their attributes."

To return to his delight in natural scenery. To the last his sensitive mind was alive to the beauty of his surroundings. As we left Genoa, on his last journey, while the train was climbing to the high table-land, the sick man called my attention to the panorama of the "Superb City," embracing sea and shore, magnificent harbour and square, palaces and churches, with streets and houses rising terrace upon terrace from the lovely Gulf. And amid the mountain scenery of the glorious Alps, when too ill almost to sit up, his spirits revived while drinking in the ethereal charm of deep blue shadows, snow-covered peaks, glittering glaciers, and serrated ranges, soaring aloft, awful and inaccessible.

What sacred recollections cluster about that Tranby home! As he entered it after his weary journey, I saw the tears of gratitude springing unbidden to his eyes and brimming over with a beautiful unconsciousness. I remember his gentleness, and tenderness, his sympathetic regard for all who were dear to him; his practical interest in everything that was going on; his noble aspirations, and soul-yearnings after the fullness of God.

His departure was so sudden. It was like the last sunset which I saw in Egypt. There was the sun, large and full-orbed, hanging like a great globe of gold on the horizon, flinging its radiance

over the Nile valley, and flooding with glory the waving palm-trees. I watched his going down behind the desert hills, and the moment he was out of sight the darkness hastened on; there was no twilight, but night. Like that sudden Eastern sunset was the departure of Dr. Punshon.

> "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark."

To us his departure was an unspeakable, an irreparable loss; yet we feel he is not wholly gone. In my present sphere of labour, among his many Toronto friends, in the church which is his lasting memorial, his presence seems often to linger about me as a hallowing and sacred influence. That impressive voice is silenced, and those who have been charmed by it go mourning for the dear familiar sound; yet it comes to me occasionally like the notes of an anthem, and I pause to listen to the strain. Oh, master in Israel! Oh, man, greatly beloved! God bring us to thee in the great day of Eternity!

SONNET.

THE STREET.

THEY pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith and love,
They cast their hope of human kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

—*Lowell.*

VOLTAIRE AND JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, B.A.,

President of the Montreal Conference.

I.

About one hundred and eighty-nine years ago, or early in 1694, a boy was born into the family of an obscure notary in Paris. The philosophers tell us that a stone dropped into the sea sends a ripple round the whole world of waters, and that a whisper affects in some degree the whole body of the atmosphere. No man has ever followed these ripples to know where they stop; but many men have seen, not ripples merely, but great waves in the sea of human life, issuing from the point where this boy was dropped into it. The world of France, at the time totally ignorant that anything had happened, was soon to realize all the great meaning of his birth.

Men moved on in their habitual ways for nine years, when another boy was born, this time in the kingdom, of Great Briton, at Epworth, in the rectory of a poor Lincolnshire clergyman.

The all-supporting, many-bearing earth has now two boys on her hands. Most mothers find enough to do with one at a time. This mother shall yet stand greatly astonished at the wonderful movements of these two boys of hers.

It is grand to live now; it will be grander to live one thousand years hence; but, taking all into account, it really was not a bad time to have the privilege of living in this world thrust upon one in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Some great men were abroad, and great events were stirring both systems and men. These boys heard the roar of Marlborough's artillery along the fields of Europe, as he was closing his great career. They were witnesses of the opening scenes of two of the greatest revolutions of history, the American and the French. They saw experimental science growing into commanding importance, as represented by Sir Isaac Newton, whose honoured head, like some snow-crowned peak, towered aloft during the first quarter of their time; and by Benjamin Franklin who was filling two continents with his fame. David Hume had loaded the atmosphere

of England with the mists of doubt. Rousseau was labouring to do the same in France. Dr. Samuel Johnston was blazing in the splendour of his great intellect. Really no great spirit needed to be lonely at that time.

After birth, next comes the name. Generally the babe takes the name it gets, and never thinks of asking why he was not consulted in the matter. But this French boy was not one of that kind. As a babe he was so poor, weak, and pitiful that he could not be carried to church to receive baptism. The sacred rite was therefore administered in private; but at the end of nine months, as he had refused to die, but had improved somewhat in strength and promise, he was publicly baptized in one of the grand churches of Paris. Let us look calmly at the fact—a double Christian baptism as the initiation to his remarkable career!

At this time he received the name, which stood as registered, François Marie Arouet, being the same as that of his plain father, with the addition of Marie. But this young gentleman soon showed that he was not proud of his father's name. It had never been associated with anything very distinguished in thought or action; and he was determined that no effort of his should clothe it with any distinction, for, when about twenty years old, he dropped Arouet, and assumed the name Voltaire. His friends give various fanciful explanations of the change; he never assigned any reason, but that he had not been happy under his old name, and he hoped to be more happy under the new one.

As to the naming of this other boy, it is sufficient to say that his life was to prove that "there was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Let us now turn to the study of the influences which determined the characters of these men, and led them forth each in his chosen path. The French boy was unfortunate in his guardian. A prominent abbé was an intimate friend of his mother. It was thought a very desirable thing to secure so eminent and good a man for the influential position of godfather. And so certainly it should have been; but it is a fact which throws much light upon those times, that many who occupied the most exalted positions in the Church were hopelessly depraved in principle, and immoral in life beyond what is easily credible. This particular abbé was a rank libertine, and a reckless unbeliever in the

principles of the religion of which he was a prominent teacher. Into such hands, at the baptismal font, young Arouet fell. At this time a new poem, most scandalous and irreligious, was growing into popularity in the depraved society of Paris. It bore the name of Mosaide, and described the career of Moses as an impostor. The unscrupulous godfather put this production into the hands of this child, for the double purpose of teaching him to read, and of inspiring him with a contempt of Christianity!

At the same age the boy John was labouriously passing the portal of the great world of knowledge by spelling his way through the first chapter of the book of Genesis. Voltaire—Wesley. The Mosaide—Genesis. In those four words we have the germ of a large portion of the literary and religious history of Europe in the 18th century. Here is the first gate through which these two pass into their now fast diverging paths.

The unblushing abbé was very proud of his success with his precocious pupil. He boasted that little effect of the double baptism remained upon the boy, for though he was only three years old yet he knew the vile Mosaide by heart. It was the constant study of the guardian of the morals of this child to surround him with persons destitute of all sympathy with Christianity. They were not then hard to find in Paris. We, therefore, find him, at six years of age, in the midst of lewd and blaspheming men, encouraged by their applause of his incipient efforts to exercise his wit by insinuations the most base, and open assaults the most bold, against Christianity. The loud commendation of an exhibition so unseemly, and especially in one of so tender an age, from people in position so high, could not fail to be a determining influence upon the character of any youth. In relation to the Bible and religion he had no chance at all.

Place in contrast the young Wesley, within the Epworth rectory, a model of an almost perfect Christian home. The anointed touch of Susannah Wesley, in early life, was sufficient to determine a boy's direction though the might of an empire opposed. On one side a graceless abbé, on the other a sanctified mother, is it any wonder that, from the first beginnings of life, these two worked out the great problem before them on an entirely different plan? At life's dawn they took the position they held until the end, thus early facing in different directions! What if their circumstances in infancy had been entirely reversed?

Is it a thought to be entertained that, in that case, their work in life might have been interchanged? It is hard to admit such a thing even in thought; but possible or not, it is certain that no essential differences of character are sufficient to account for the wide difference in their lives, without taking their education into consideration. And the same facts that warn Christian teachers that their fidelity in cultivating even unpromising soil, may save the world from being afflicted with another Voltaire, also remind us that those who most err may have claims to our sympathy, on the ground of an education grossly at fault. Even Voltaire is not, as some seem to suppose, entirely undeserving of any Christian charity. Different influences during his early years might have made him a wholly different man.

We find in each case the tendency begotten in these early years confirmed by every subsequent step. Voltaire entered college. A thorough course of university study might have developed in him some steadfastness of purpose; but there was no hand to bend him to this, so he soon left his studies for something more congenial. Then we find him in a low school which he very soon abandoned. At eighteen he is attached to the French embassy in Holland. Here a foolish amour of youth brought him into disgrace, and he returned to Paris to become the clerk of an advocate. From this position he was cast into the Bastile, unjustly it must be said, for the severe criticism of the reign of Louis XIV., with the writing of which he was charged, was actually the creation of another. At that time the reward which France gave to mental competency was imprisonment. This tribute was awarded to the brilliant youth of twenty years, because he was thought to be the only person capable of producing the witty and scathing criticism so offensive to the court. A year of imprisonment would silence and discourage for ever any average youth of the age of Voltaire. We have seen children pushing corks into water in the effort to sink them. Voltaire was a cork. He sprang irrepressibly to the surface. He was, to change the figure, better prepared than ever to smite right and left with a blade that pierced as well as flashed. In prison he wrote the dramatic piece which gave him his first taste of literary fame. After this he found more eyes turned upon him than ever before. He had struck a spring which sent him higher than any other. He had never experienced any such gratification. The vanity and selfishness

of his undisciplined nature had found their convenient food in the praise given to brilliant literary achievements. As far as he could be confirmed in any decision, his mind was now fixed upon a literary career.

A few years later he drew upon himself the ire of a distinguished statesman, and was rewarded with six months more in the Bastile. On his escape he fled to England, under sentence of banishment from France, and there remained three years. Here he noted the liberties enjoyed by the English people, and their participation in the affairs of government, in strong contrast with the state of things prevailing in France; and from this he drew inspiration in his assaults upon the government of the latter country. Here he met the English deists, Bolingbroke, Collins, Tyndal, and Wollaston. Here he learned enough of English to read Shakespeare, and to ridicule, and steal from his writings. To the last fact may justly be attributed the highest excellence of his own dramatic productions. The intercourse with the English school of freethinkers is claimed by his friends to have led him into open infidelity. After what has been said here, it is plain that we come nearer the truth when we say that his tendencies in the direction of unbelief, already strong, led him to seek out these men as his most congenial companions. But the intercourse certainly confirmed every thing in him that was before base and unworthy. From this time two points in his character were as nearly fixed as was possible in a nature that was never wholly devoted to anything but the advancement and glorification of self. He will pursue a literary career, and he will lose no opportunity of assaulting Christianity.

Let us now pause a moment and follow Wesley through the same critical period of youth. There is not much to tell, as there ought not to be. In proportion as youth is full of incidents that become striking and startling in narrative is its development in danger of being depraved. Wesley bows to the same vigorous, religious discipline that met him almost at the gates of life, and bends the energies of his opening mind upon the prescribed course of study at Oxford. The result was that every impulse of youth was taught submission to proper restraint; the rampancy of growing passion, met a steady resistance, and found a rational outlet in persistent application to intellectual labour; and the errant tendencies that, with every youth, as years ad-

vance, threaten more than all else to defeat the hope of a noble manhood, were taught to step forward with the tread of a well-disciplined soldier. The foundation was laid for a broad and ripe scholarship; he had formed the habit of steadfast application to one purpose; and he was prepared to find in the Church of Christ the agency for the elevation of the human race, with which end his whole nature was in thorough sympathy.

There are those who constantly assume that infidelity, liberalism, free thought, have all the learning and culture; and that Christianity is ignorant, narrow, prejudiced. It is worth while, at this point, to note how far this view is sustained by the contrast now under study. As to Voltaire's scholarship it is difficult to understand how one who in youth could never be kept long under the restraints of school discipline could apply himself to study with the devotion that achieves success. And it is a notorious fact that he did not. After three years in England he could not write intelligently a letter in the language of that land. Newton's discoveries had exalted physical science to a position of commanding importance. Voltaire, with the eye of genius for effect, saw that there was capital in science. He applied himself for some time to scientific study, with as much assiduity as was possible to him. He then consulted a learned man as to the progress he had made. He was informed that he could only become a mediocre *savant* by the most obstinate labour of which he was capable. And his writings which yet exist attest that he has no higher claim to scholarship in the fields of history and philosophy. He was never, in any sense, an exact, profound, or greatly learned man.

But, in contrast, Wesley's claim to scholarship has never been put in question. Few men better meet the standard which Lord Brougham set up, in saying that a truly learned man is one who knows something about everything, and everything about something. Here then we find the stability, and the learning, with the capacity of true research, on the side of Christianity; and the ignorance, and flippancy, and pretence, on the side of infidelity. There are doubtless exceptions on both sides; but we may rest assured that, as between Wesley and Voltaire so generally stands the question between Christianity and infidelity, as to learning and ignorance—deep culture and superficial display. The leading characters, as well as the followers, on both sides, to-

day, furnish the same contrast. Voltaire had not the steadiness of application, nor the knowledge which would have rendered him capable of a patient and thorough examination of the claims of Christianity to man's confidence. To ridicule what, at first glance, appeared weak in it was as much as his powers could do. And no more have his followers to-day those gifts of intellectual culture, and the patient research to which Christianity reveals the unmistakable marks of its divine paternity; and if without these attainments, men are likewise destitute of heart, it is not easy to see how they can be anything but infidels. But Wesley, like Paul and Luther, could receive Christianity alike in the claims it addressed to the intellect and to the heart. The consequence was that his faith had been nourished at deep fountains, never known to the aspiring Frenchman. His soul had touched the Deity, and after that he was prepared to pursue his chosen path though a blaspheming world withstood him.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me; the sunset's golden finger
Has drawn a veil between the world and me;
Upon the mountain-top his rays still linger.
But in the valley I deep darkness see,
And whelming shadows hover over me.

Abide with me; the way is drear and lonely,
And frightful phantoms start from every side
Which battle for my soul, that soul which only
Knows Thee on earth, in heaven, O Crucified!
For that dear reason keep Thou near my side.

Abide with me; earth's blandishments beset me;
They rise like clouds between my soul and thine,
Hiding Thee, so that soon I must forget Thee,
Unless a beam from loving eyes divine
Shall through them cast its radiance to mine.

Abide with me; dear Lord, let me not perish!
Chase from my heart and way these phantoms dire;
Thine "altar coals" on my heart's altar cherish,
So that each sin consumed in love's pure fire
May clog no more my soul's deep, strong desire.

And when at last through earth's dark vale ascending
I reach the heavenly hills, and at Thy feet
Look, Lord, upon Thee, doubts and fears all blending
In one long gaze of joy so deep, so sweet,
Then satisfied, I need no more repeat, Abide with me.

AT LAST,

*OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.**

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER I.

"MILDRED."

"Mother, darling!"

"My boy—will come—right—at last."

Scarcely above a whisper were the words spoken, but bending close, Mildred caught them.

A hush fell upon the room, broken only by the ticking of the little French clock on the mantelpiece, which to the girl's overwrought imagination seemed to echo drearily her mother's words, "At last! at last! at last!"

The evening wore slowly away; night, cold, wet, and dark, closed around. The wind whistled mournfully among the bare branches of the trees, and no light from moon or star shone through the gathering gloom.

And in the stillness of the night a spirit passed away.

"We had no idea the end was so near, James. Dr. Orm anticipated no immediate danger."

Dr. Orm! Mildred! you do not mean to say you called that fellow in?"

"I was obliged to. What else could I do, James? I could not let our mother die. I was so frightened when that change came and Dr. Belton was away. I was obliged to send for Dr. Orm."

"The man who murdered our father!" stormed James Daryll, walking excitedly up and down the long dining-room. "You know he did, Mildred. It was sheer murder, though the world does not call it by that name. If ever a man died of a broken heart, it was my father; and Orm did it."

"He didn't mean to, James. I do not think he knew what he was doing."

"Knew! stuff! he knew that he was taking my father's practice away. People are such fools. If a man comes from London

* We are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer, of the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, England, for the kind permission to reprint this story.—ED.

with a loud flourish of trumpets, they run after him like a flock of sheep. Of course I know that father was one of the old school, and did not like innovations. He had none of Orm's clap-trap; not he! But mark you, Mildred, if he had lived he would have regained his old position. Orm's parade of modern science and modern discovery was all very well at first, but people would have found out in time that a long experience is worth something; and that is just what he has not."

"They say he is very clever, and he was very kind and sympathising to me, James," said Mildred, with quivering lips. "If it had not been for that—for the memory of poor papa, I mean—I could have looked upon him as a friend."

"He could afford sympathy when he had robbed you and Winnie of your all. Father, mother, and home gone! I don't know what you will do, I'm sure. You shall not go out as a governess, Mildred; I will throw up my profession first, and take a situation."

There will be no need, dear. If you can get us—Winnie and me—inexpensive lodgings, we will come to London; but oh, it will be hard to leave the dear old home!"

"And yet I shall be glad to get away," said James, moodily. "The place is full of associations too sacred to be spoilt by seeing auctioneers and brokers prying about. Surely you don't want to stay and see the end, Mildred?"

"Every room is full of memories," said Mildred, scarcely hearing the question. "Even the chairs and tables speak! It is hard to believe we are alone, James! that we shall never see them again."

James laid his hand caressingly on the soft, fair hair, but made no answer. Their loss was too recent, too bitter, to be talked of.

Very much alike were the brother and sister, especially now that each was shadowed with a great sorrow. Expression alters faces greatly, either to make or mar resemblances. Both inherited from their mother the soft, fair hair, and dark brown eyes; but the peculiarly firm mouth—firm, yet with wondrously sweet curves—was essentially a Daryll feature. Physiognomists tell us that the mouth is pre-eminently the tell-tale feature, betraying to the keen observer its owner's character; and perhaps they are right. Certainly the Daryll mouth told the truth when

it spoke of great powers of endurance and strength of will for its possessors.

Drawn more closely together at heart than they had been since their childhood's days, James and Mildred sat late into the night discussing the future. The old home, where they had been born and brought up, was theirs no longer. Dr. Orm had bought it, and was only waiting for their departure to introduce bricks and mortar, carpenters and masons.

Like many another medical man, Dr. Daryll had been content to drone on in the old-fashioned groove prescribed when the profession was in an early stage. Of modern science and improvements he knew little and cared less. A staunch old Conservative, he believed that what had been, ever should be. Rumours of new treatments of old diseases fell upon incredulous ears, and he scoffingly declared that the London hospitals were turning out a set of rash, ignorant, conceited experimentalists upon the victimised public. At first his patients laughed at his sarcastic speeches, and agreed with his expressions of ridicule and contempt. But a change came o'er the spirit of their dream, and gradually they arrived at the conclusion that medicine, even as other sciences, was making rapid strides onward, dropping on the way such of its followers as could not or would not keep up with the march. To this latter class many did not hesitate to consign Dr. Daryll, and when young Orm made his appearance on the scene he was received with open arms.

"Young upstart!" growled Dr. Daryll, as he saw his rival ride past in his neat little dog-cart; "he'll soon find the place too hot for him."

But no such thing; time passed, and the "young upstart" grew in favour with the public. One by one the old doctor's patients withdrew to swell Orm's rapidly increasing list, and at last only a few time-tried friends were left to advocate the superiority of age and experience over youth and skill.

Young Orm was a rising man. Far and near his fame spread, and his time was too short for his work. The dog-cart gave place to a well-appointed brougham, and a staid elderly man superseded the boy in buttons.

The very day the Darylls took the first decisive step in the direction of economy, by dismissing little Winnie's expensive governess and installing Mildred in her place, pretty Mrs. Orm

drove out in a new pony-phaeton, which excited the envy and admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

All these things preyed on the old doctor's spirits, and gradually undermined his health. He struggled hard against it at first, but the tide was too strong for him, and at last he sank. "Poor old Daryll! he has never been the same since Orm came," his old patients would remark; "he cannot get over the loss of his fame and practice.'

No, he could not get over it. His wife and daughter watched with trembling hearts the breaking up of the once hale old man. He would wander listlessly up and down the garden, mechanically pulling the leaves off the shrubs; or stand for an hour at a time watching the minnows in the little stream; nothing seemed to rouse him. Little Winnie, the youngest and general pet, had more influence over him than any one else. With her he would take long walks into the woods and lanes, gathering wild flowers for the study of botany. In his youth the Doctor had been an ardent botanist, and in teaching his little daughter the old interest revived.

It excited much talk and sorrow in the town when the news came, "Dr. Daryll was found dead in his bed this morning." They could scarcely believe it, those simple people, many of whom he had ushered into the world.

"Is he gone?" they cried. "Why, he always seemed to us to be part of the town; as much so as the church or town pump."

Then they repented, of course, and wished they had not left him altogether. He had done for so many years, surely he might have served them a little longer. But now he was dead; so it was of no use talking, and the subject was dismissed and forgotten, save by a few true hearts.

It seems a hard case, but scarcely to be wondered at. Dr. Daryll was behind the age. A young, vigorous student, fresh from the great seats of medical knowledge and learning, passed him without an effort. "I would rather trust my life in the hands of one of the best class of our fourth year's students than to many an old country M.D.," observed an eminent London physician the other day, and many echo the remark. Science is always progressing, and men must keep up with the times.

Well, the old doctor died; and soon after his gentle, delicate wife followed. They were her last words which we read at the commencement—"My boy will come right at last."

A truly good woman, a Christian in the highest acceptation of the term, was Mrs. Daryll. All who knew her loved her. "The sight of her does more good than the Doctor's medicine," said one of her husband's old patients one day, and that shows what she was. Yes, she carried peace with her; that soothing, restful feeling of peace which is so welcome to the weary sufferer. And now she was gone, leaving James, her only boy, Mildred, and the child Winnie, to make themselves a new home.

They were not left entirely unprovided for, but there was not sufficient for the expenses connected with James's hospital career and the maintenance of his sisters. Mildred would not hear of his giving up his profession as he had first suggested. "We can manage very well till you are qualified and have a home of your own," she said. "I will go out as a governess, or get employment from picture dealers for a year or two. I can copy, you know, James."

The governessing idea James in his pride vetoed at once; but copying pictures in her own sitting-room bore an entirely different aspect, and he gave way.

"I am only afraid you will not find anyone to employ you," he said doubtfully. "There are so many glad to do such work for next to nothing. But I will look out."

"You are the head of the family now," said his little sister Winnie, who had been listening to the conversation. "Are you going to take care of us as papa did, James?

The question struck a painful chord. Long after they had separated for the night the brother walked up and down his room, thinking sad and bitter thoughts. Why had they been taken, the father and mother who had made home such a happy place? Why were he and the girls left to themselves, to fight their own way, and trust to their own resources? He did not care to take his sisters to London; he had no lady friends to feel an interest in them, and help to make life pleasant. And then he and Mildred were so different; how would they get on together? She was so trustful, so believing, he so sceptical and unbelieving. His way of life would trouble her, and make her miserable, but how was he to help it? He could not alter his whole course for her; he could not profess to feel what he did not feel, or think as he did not think.

But then there was Winnie. Could he run the risk of influen-

cing her innocent, childish mind by his disregard of all she had been taught to hold as sacred?

"Take care of her as our father did!" he thought bitterly, "Teach her to love and trust what I dislike and distrust? No, Winnie; that cannot be. You little knew what you were asking."

It simply could not be. The old doctor, with his old world religion of almost unquestioning acquiescence with all that happened, had taught very different lessons from any his son, with his atheistical creed, could teach, and James knew it.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold, dark November day when the young Darylls left their old home for London. Winnie was all excitement at the novelty, but even her spirits gave way at last under the depressing influence of city fog and smoke.

"Is this dirty place London?" she asked, in unfeigned astonishment, as the cab rolled through the muddy, wretched streets.

"London in very truth, Winnie," replied her brother, trying to rouse himself. "Did you expect to see marble palaces, and stately churches, and all the et-cætera of story-book London!"

"No; but I thought it was a great deal better than this," said poor Winnie, with tears in her eyes. "I know I shan't like living here."

The cab drew up in front of a dingy, grey house, only distinguishable by its number from all the others in the dull, monotonous street.

A respectable, almost lady-like woman met them in the passage, and James greeted her kindly.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lane? Here we are, you see, with box and baggage. Can you find room for us all? These are my sisters, who are going to keep house for me. Mildred, this is Mrs. Lane, guardian of my mending and morals."

"Now, Mr. Daryll!" put in Mrs. Lane, deprecatingly, "what will your sister think to hear you talk like that?"

"Well, Mrs. Lane, you know you do give me little lectures now and then on the error of my ways. Come now, don't you?"

"Not lectures, sir."

"Something very much like them, then. Perfect forgeries, splendid counterfeits."

Mrs. Lane turned to Mildred: "Mr. Daryll is always ready with a joke. I am used to them now. Let me carry up your bag. Jane shall bring up all these things directly."

She took the bag out of Mildred's hands and went up the narrow stairs. "There was a good fire about ten minutes ago; I hope it hasn't got low," she said, opening a door on the landing. "Oh no; its nice and cheerful. I always think a fire is such company. Can I do anything for you, Miss Daryll?"

"We should like a cup of tea, please, if we could have it soon," said Mildred, wearily.

"Jane is getting it ready now. I told her to have the water boiling, for I know how refreshing a cup of tea is after a journey. I will go and hurry her."

The door closed, and the two sisters were left alone in their new home. The small room was half filled with boxes and packing-cases, which had been sent on a day or two before. The furniture was in the usual lodging-house style—horsehair couch and chairs, faded drugget, and dingy curtains. The fire was the only cheerful thing to be seen, and Winnie straightway sat down on the rug.

It was such a contrast to their old comfortable home that Mildred could scarcely bear it. Leaning against the mantelpiece, she battled with blinding tears and a bitter feeling of loneliness and desolation.

"Oh, Mildred! don't!" said little Winnie, piteously. "It is so miserable, and when you cry it's a thousand times worse."

Miserable indeed it was, and Mildred summoned all her courage and resolution to banish the crowding thoughts that made her heart ache.

"It is no use, Winnie," she said, smiling through her tears. "We must not think of the past, must we? 'Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,' and the future may be bright for us yet."

But though she said the words to cheer her little sister, her own heart refused to believe them. In the midst of mourning and loss it seems a mockery, an additional sorrow even, to speak of forgetfulness and happiness in the future. We do not want to forget; our hearts cling to the sorrow of the present; we would not drive it from us if we could.

A busy evening followed. They had brought many of their mother's precious belongings with them—things they could not bear to part from. There was the old heavily-carved oak chair, in which she used to sit and nurse them when they were little ones. There was the little round table, where her bottles used to stand during her months of patient suffering. As case after case was opened, memories both sad and pleasant crowded upon them, and they worked on in silence. "At last!" said James, with a sigh of relief, as the last thing was disposed of for the night.

The words fell curiously upon Mildred's ear, and she started. Once more she was bending over the bed in that rapidly-darkening room, listening to the murmured words from the dying mother's lips, "My boy will come right *at last!*"

In that last hour of life, had her mother been really allowed to lift aside the curtain which hides the future from our sight? Standing with trembling feet just within the shadow of the silent land, had God, in His infinite goodness, permitted her the knowledge that the one great prayer of her life should be answered? Was it a revelation of the truth, filling her with unutterable joy and thanksgiving? or was it only a creation of her own weary, troubled brain?

Ah, Mildred, it is vain to question the dead! they answer not. Time only will reveal what the "at last" is destined to bring forth.

The next morning brought no improvement in the weather, and for the first time in her life Winnie gazed in wonder upon that curiosity to the uninitiated, a thick London fog.

"It is worse than smoke!" she said, in a tone of disgust. "The room is full, James! can't we let it out?"

"If you find any place that is not already full," he replied drily, and Winnie wondered what made him so cross.

"I suppose you will be busy unpacking this morning," he continued, turning to Mildred. "I must go down to the hospital, but will come back early. Now don't get opening and moving those large boxes; leave them for me."

He tried to speak cheerfully, but it was an evident effort, and they were all glad when the comfortless breakfast was over and they could set to work.

"It is of no use to look at the things and wish they were done," said Winnie, who was a quaint little philosopher in her way.

"Let us go right at it, Mildred, without stopping to think what we ought to do first."

It was sad work, unpacking the mementoes of their once happy home. Things deemed hitherto almost worthless, were touched with loving hands, and a sacredness had fallen upon many a formerly unheeded trifle. This one mamma had liked, that one papa had used, and instantly they were precious beyond price.

Winnie went to ask Mrs. Lane for some steps, and came back enveloped in a large white apron, which made her look smaller and slighter than ever.

"Mrs. Lane would put it on," she said soberly; "she said the dust would spoil my new black frock, and she kissed me so kindly, Mildred." And the tears were in the child's eyes as she told the little act of kindness. They seemed so friendless in the vast, lonely city, so left to themselves, that it took very little to reach their hearts just then.

But their spirits rose as the morning wore on, and James found them busily at work.

"Confusion worse confounded!" he exclaimed, with an expression of mock dismay. "Winnie, you little guy! you look like a charity child! What have you done to yourself?"

"Are you come home for good?" asked Winnie. "Oh, James, stay with us now; don't go out again."

"Little girls ought to be seen and not heard. I am going to take you in hand, and endeavour to teach you the beauty of a still tongue," said James.

"Only in women and girls," retorted Winnie. "You would not like it for yourself; men are so fond of talking."

"What do you know about men?" asked James, amused. "Pray where did your ladyship gain your large and varied experience!"

"I know lots of gentlemen, and they all like to hear themselves talk; don't they, Mildred?"

"Mildred, how old is this child? I am very much afraid I shall be obliged to perform an operation upon her; her brain is certainly preternaturally developed."

"I'm eleven years old, sir!" cried Winnie, "And you shall not cut open my head, either; my brain is not pre-ter-naturally developed.

"Bravo, little one! you got out that long word capitally. I did not think your mouth was big enough for it."

James took the usual masculine delight in teasing his little sister. Fortunately Winnie was very sweet-tempered, and took all his chaffing in good part. Her age, however, was rather a sore point: being very small and slight, she looked at least two years younger than she really was, and nothing annoyed her more than to be taken for "a mere baby," as James called it, of nine.

The fog cleared up for about an hour, and then settled down again, denser than ever. The rooms and passages were full of it; even the fire seemed to feel its deadening influence, and burned slowly and smokily. They were too busily engaged, however, to be much affected by the general gloom; there is nothing like work to take one out of one's self. The room began to look very comfortable, and homelike at last, and with a sigh of satisfaction Mildred sat down to take a survey.

"It is not like the same room!" she said. "I can almost fancy it is the dear little study at home. If only mother were in her arm-chair!" The words escaped almost before she knew what she was saying, and a shadow fell upon them all.

Winnie sat down on the rug with a slight shiver. "Oh, how cold and dismal it is!" she said. laying her head against Mildred's dress. "I hate London!"

James drew up an easy chair, and sitting down took the little girl on his knee. "Poor little Winnie!" he said kindly: "London has certainly put on its worst dress to-day; but never mind, behind the fog the sun is still shining. I daresay to-morrow will be a beautiful day, and then I will introduce you to some of the lions."

Winnie smiled through her tears. "May I come with you to the hospital sometimes? I should like to so much; I want to see the poor little sick children James. Will they let me?"

"Not if you go with a tearful face, I'm sure."

"Have you much to do with the children, James? Are there many at your hospital?"

"Yes, a good number. You shall come and see them one of these days. A little girl about your age was brought in this morning."

"James, isn't it dreadful to be a doctor? I could not bear it! Doesn't it make you sorry to see people so ill?"

"Of course I'm sorry; but do you not think it is very nice to do them good—to take away their pain, and make them well?"

"Yes, but then you cannot make them all well," persisted Winnie. "Some die."

"And lot's get better. I only think of the cures, you see."

"But you must think of the others too, when you see them so ill."

"Don't you know that there is no such word as *must* with regard to thought," replied James, smiling. "Have you never found out that we can think or not think according to our will?"

But Winnie vouchsafed no reply; she often took refuge in silence when unable to answer his questions to her own satisfaction. A capital little arguer was she when she thoroughly knew her ground; but James loved to draw her beyond her depth, and then watch with amusement her struggles to regain her footing. She was getting wise now, and refused to follow him when he tried to lead her into unknown regions.

"Very glad was Mildred when Saturday night arrived, commencing the close of the weary week. "It seems a year since last Saturday!" she said to James as, together, they stood before the fire, waiting for the clock to strike eleven. "I am growing old, James. I can understand now how true it is that 'it is not years that age.' I have lived a life these last few weeks."

"Yes, too much has been put upon these poor little shoulders," replied her brother, drawing her head down on his shoulder. "You have borne up bravely, dear. I think you possess the good old Daryll courage and pluck."

"I have had something better than Daryll courage to help me," whispered Mildred; "I have found a very present help in time of trouble."

James was silent; he knew to what she referred, and at another time would have been ready with a sceptical reply. But the memory of his dearly loved mother hushed the words upon his tongue, and, for the moment at least, sealed his lips.

"I never knew till lately," continued Mildred softly, "what the love of God really meant. I do not think it is possible to understand it till you have had some very great trouble, and are shut out from earthly comfort and sympathy. When papa died, mamma bore the greater part of the burden for me; but when she was gone I had no one to help me, and then I found out how

great was His loving-kindness. He was indeed a Friend beyond all others."

"And yet He took away those you loved best on earth."

The bitter tone, even more than the words, startled Mildred, and lifting her head she looked into his face with wistful, troubled eyes. "He took them from us, James, but He took them to Himself, which is far better."

"Was it better for my father to be harassed and worried into his grave by that fellow Orm? Was it better for our mother to pass years of her pure, gentle life in almost continual suffering?"

The words sounded blasphemous to Mildred's shocked ears. "Oh, James!" she cried, inexpressibly pained; "do not talk like that; I cannot bear to hear it."

"Have you never thought the same thing yourself, Mildred?"

A rush of painful recollections brought the hot blood to her fair cheek, and, with quivering lips, she answered, "Yes, I have; but, James, it made me so wretched that I prayed night and day that God would give me sufficient faith to trust Him through the darkness, and my prayer was answered."

"The question is, Is such a blind, unreasoning faith desirable? For my own part I neither ask nor want it. Mildred, I am not talking like this just for the sake of talking. It is, perhaps, as well that you should understand from the beginning that our paths in life are very different. You are following the time-worn road which, according to our father's belief, leads to a glorious futurity. For you, and such as you, the prejudices of ages have marked out a certain plan of action, the boundaries of which you dare not overstep. Your freedom of will you have voluntarily relinquished, and your judgment is warped by a blind obedience to an ancient creed. If you find happiness in such a religion, well and good. Pursue your chosen path, and leave me to find out for myself the Light, if there be any; the Truth, if such a thing exist."

"Find out for yourself!" echoed Mildred, sorrowfully. "You would find the Truth if only you asked to be guided to it, James."

"In fact," said James, sarcastically, "if I bow before the superstition of ages, and deliver myself up body and soul to the bondage of a creed! No; I want to find a religion that is measureless—boundless. Not one that can be gathered into the narrow confines of an exclusive sect or bigoted denomination. Mind, Mil-

dred, I am no athiest. I believe there is a God somewhere; and when I have found Him I will acknowledge Him. But the God I seek is not the one whom you blindly obey and fear."

"Is there more than one God, James?" asked Mildred, mournfully.

"No; but I doubt if many have found that one. Just listen to the greater part of the religious talk of the present day! Why, what do professing Christians worship? I confess I do not know! They are forever handling holy things with unholy hands, till it sickens one of their so-called religion. But it is of no use talking of these things; it is time you were in bed. Good night, little sister."

Dismissing the subject as if it were one he did not care to talk of, James coolly lighted a cigar; and Mildred, with an aching heart, went to her own room.

MY WORK.

He crowned my life with blessings full and sweet,
In His great love He pardoned all my sin;
Then to His fold He led my wandering feet,
And bade me know the peace and joy within:
"Dear Lord," I cried, "I'll gladly work for Thee;"
His loving voice said only, "Follow Me."

He led me to His pastures green and fair,
Beside still waters oft He bade me stay;
But I, with heart all full of anxious care,
Murmured because He made so smooth the way,
Saying, "I have no work to do for Thee,"
"Child, this is work," He said, "to follow me."

Yet still I murmured, "Lord the way is fair,
And it is very sweet to walk with Thee;
But shall Thy servant have no cross to bear?
No battle to be fought and won for Thee?"
And in His love, the half I could not see,
My Saviour gave the same answer to me.

Then seeing all my need, and sin, and pride,
I knelt again before my Saviour's feet,
Praying for strength to follow by His side,
Praying for help, temptation's power to meet;
And now each day, let my petition be,
Teach me, dear Lord, to follow after Thee.

—*Millie Colcord.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

"Holiness to the Lord."

"Holiness to the Lord!" where is that inscription to be stamped now? Not on the vestments of any Levitical order; not on plates of sacerdotal gold, worn upon the forehead. Priest and Levite have passed by. The Jewish tabernacle has expanded into that world-wide brotherhood, where whosoever doeth righteousness is accepted. Morning has risen into day. Are we children of that day? For form, we have spirit; for Gerizim and Zion, our common scenery. The ministry of Aaron is ended. His ephod, with its gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine-twilled linen, and cunning work, has faded and dropped. The curious girdle and its chains of wreathen gold are gone. The breast-plate of judgment that lay against his heart, and its four-fold row of triple jewels—of sardins, topaz, and carbuncle; of emerald, sapphire, and diamond; of ligure, agate, and amethyst; of beryl, onyx, and jasper—has been lost. The pomegranates are cast aside like untimely fruit. The golden bells are silent. Even the mitre, with its sacred signet, and the grace of the fashion of it has perished. All the outward glory and beauty of that Hebrew worship which the Lord commanded Moses has vanished in the eternal splendours of the Gospel, and been fulfilled in Christ. What teaching has it left? What other than this?—that we are to engrave our "Holiness to the Lord," first on the heart, and then on all that the heart goes out into, through the brain and the hand; on the plates of gold our age of enterprise is drawing up from mines, and beating into currency; on bales of merchandise and books of account; on the tools and bench of every handicraft; on your weights and measures; on pen, and plough, and pulpit; on the doorposts of your houses, and the utensils of your table, and the walls of your chambers; on cradle, and playthings, and schoolbooks; on the locomotives of enterprise, and the bells of the horses, and the ships of navigation; on music halls and libraries; on galleries of art and the lyceum desk; on all man's inventing and building, all of his using and enjoying; for all these are trusts in a stewardship for which the Lord of the servants reckoneth.—*F. D. Huntington.*

Sanctification.

"Suppose you stood with the 'great multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people,' who 'give praise unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever,' you would not find ONE among them all that were entered into glory, who was not a witness of that great truth: 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord;' not one of all that innumerable company who was not sanctified before he was glorified.

And could you take a view of all those upon earth who are now sanctified, you would not find one of these had been sanctified till after he was called. He was first called, not only by an outward call, by the word and messengers of God, but likewise with an inward call, by his Spirit applying His Word, enabling him to believe in the only begotten Son of God, and bearing testimony with his Spirit that he was a child of God. And it was by this very means they were all sanctified. It was by a sense of the love of God shed abroad in his heart, that every one of them was enabled to love God. Loving God, he loved his neighbour as himself, and had power to walk in all His commandments blameless. This is a rule which admits of no exception: God calls a sinner His own—that is, justifies him before he sanctifies.

Who are glorified? None but those who were first sanctified? Who are sanctified? None but those who were first justified."—*Wesley.*

Growth in Grace.

It is only living things that grow; and all living things do grow. Be it the lichen that clings to the rock, or the eagle that has her nest on its craggy shelf, or man that rends its heart with powder and draws the gold from its bowels—from the germ out of which they spring they grow onward to maturity; in the words of my text, they "increase more and more."

These words are as true of spiritual as of natural life. According to heathen fables, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and daughter of Jupiter, sprung full-grown and full-armed from her father's head. No man thus comes from the hand of the Holy Spirit, in sudden, mature, perfect saintship. There is nothing in the spiritual world which resembles this: no, nor even what the

natural world presents in the development of the insect tribes. During their last and perfect stage, in the condition, as it is called, of the *imago*, be their life long or short, they undergo no increase. So long as the green worm that once crawled on the ground and fed on garbage, bursting its coffin-shell, comes forth a creature with silken wings to roam in the sunny air, to sleep by night on a bed of flowers, and by day banquet on their nectar, it grows no more—neither larger nor wiser; its flight and faculties being as perfect on the day of what may be called its new birth, as when, touched by early frosts or drowned in rain, it dies. Here, indeed, we have a symbol of the resurrection-body as it shall step from the tomb; in beauty perfect, in gowth mature; to undergo henceforth and through eternal ages neither change nor decay. It is otherwise with the renewed soul. Before it, in righteousness and knowledge, and true holiness, stretches a field of illimitable progress—upwards and onwards to what it shall be forever approaching, yet never reach, the throne of God.—*Guthrie.*

Casting All Your Cares Upon Him.

In the summer of 1878, I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for my life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder. In doing this he asked for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movements; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting a moment, kindly, but firmly, demanded that I should give up everything but my alpenstock. Puting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he again led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found I could make double speed, with double safety. Then a voice spoke inwardly, "Ah, foolish, wilful heart, hast thou indeed given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash, and then as I leaped lightly on from rock to rock, down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "and ever thus will I follow Jesus my Guide, my burden-bearer. I will cast all my care upon Him, for he careth for me."—*Sarah F. Smiley.*

RECENT MISSIONARY LITERATURE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most striking signs of the times is the greatly increased attention which is being directed to the subject of Christian Missions. One evidence of this is the copious missionary literature, both serial and in book form, which is being produced. And not merely the quantity but the high class literary quality of much of this literature is remarkable. Before us lie the four recent issues of the press enumerated below.

Dr. Thompson's book is one of absorbing interest. It recounts one of the most wonderful stories of mission work since the days of the apostles. The genesis of the book is as remarkable as its matter. It consists of twelve lectures on Foreign Missions, delivered at the Theological Seminary, Andover, and to the Theological Department of Boston University. We wish they could be read by every theological student in Christendom. They would stir in many a heart an impulse to emulate the missionary zeal of the Moravian Brethren. The lectures are exceedingly eloquent, and are quite above the average of missionary literature, and the author, by numberless side glances, shows a remarkable familiarity with missionary, ecclesiastical, and general history.

There are many points of contact between Methodism and the *Unitas Fratrum*. Our readers do not need to be reminded of the relation of Wesley to Herrnhut, Zinzendorf, Bohler, and Fetter Lane. Our author gives first a sketch of the Moravians—the only Protestant Church which subsists as an organic unit throughout the world. He recounts their persecution in Bohemia, their exile for conscience-sake from that country, and the providential founding of Herrnhut,—"The Lord's Watch,"—only ten years after the first tree was felled in the surronnding wilderness. When the little community numbered only 600 souls, they began in 1732 their first mission beyond the sea. Four months later they started another. Within five years they began as many foreign missions—in the West Indies, in Greenland, in North and South America, and in South Africa. Within 24 years 18 new missions were sent forth. They have just celebrated the 150th anniversary of their missionary history. During that period 2,158 missionaries have swarmed out of this missionary hive. They have now 315 missionaries in foreign fields, some of whom are in the sixth generation of missionary succession in the same family; with 1,471 native assistants, having under their care over 74,000 souls—more than twice the number of members in the Moravian home churches of Germany, Great Britain, and America.

Their fields of labour were the most rugged and austere in the world. Yet, by the blessing of God, they soon planted their successful

* *Moravian Missions.* Twelve Lectures, by AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON. Cr. 8vo., pp. 516. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.25.

History of Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast—Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. By Rev. MYRON EELLS. 12mo., 320 pp., illustrated, $1.25. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.

A Woman's Talks about India, or the Domestic Habits and Customs of the people By HARRIET G. BRITTAN. Pp. 214, illustrated. Same publishers.

The Sunrise Kingdom; or, *Life and Scenes in Japan, and Woman's Work for Woman There.* By Mrs. JULIA D. CARROTHERS. 12mo., pp. 406, copiously illustrated. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

stations, bearing the endeared Biblical, or pious, names of Nain, Salem, Elim, Bethlehem, Hebron, Zoar, Goshen, Mamre, Shiloh, Ramah, Ephrata, Bethany, Joppa ; or "Tents of Peace," "Tents of Grace," "Pilgrim's Rest," "Meadow of Light," and the like—along the bleak coasts of Greenland and Labrador ; in the malarious West Indies, Guiana and the Mosquito Coast ; in the then pathless wilderness of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Western Canada ; among the degraded Hottentots and Bushmen of South Africa, and among the still more degraded aborigines of Australia ; and now their latest mission is to the highlands of Thibet, into whose language they have translated, for the first time, the Word of God. The pious heroism, the faith, the patience, the moral sublimity of those missionary toils have never been surpassed, and have rarely been equalled. Their record moves the soul alternately to exultation and to tears. The triumphs of divine grace over the most savage and degraded beings are the grandest Evidences of Christianity, and are a triumphant answer to all the carpings of agnosticism and infidelity.

We have been honoured in Canada by the labours of the Brethren among our Indians at Moraviantown, whither they escaped with a remnant of a band of Christian Delawares in 1792, when their mission at Gnadenhutten,—"Tents of Grace,"—in Ohio, was destroyed, and 96 Christian Indians, of whom 27 were women and 34 were children, were murdered in cold blood by an armed band of white militia.

We had marked many passages for quotation, but neither time nor space will now permit. We purpose hereafter preparing a special article on the subject. One reflection forced upon us is this : We have as a Church, notwithstanding our far ampler resources than those of the poor Moravians, done almost nothing for the heathen world in comparison with their abounding labours. We believe that we are on the verge of days of grander faith and more sublime endeavour than we have ever known. The need of the heathen world is one of the strongest arguments for the consolidation of the forces of Methodism at home, and its entering with new zeal upon aggressive work abroad. The record of the Moravian Brethren may well be the envy of the richest Churches in Christendom. Why should not we in Canada become pre-eminently a missionary Church? Why should we not, from among the young men at our Colleges, and the boys and girls in our Sunday-schools, have missionaries of the Cross on the banks of the Zambezi and the Congo, of the Indus and the Ganges? Give up Japan! Never! Let us rather strongly re-enforce our only foreign mission, and seek to share still more largely the glorious conquest of the world for Jesus.

Our second book is a monograph on a special mission work, that among the Indians of the Oregon, Washington, and Idaho Territories. This work is of special interest to Canadians, because the Rev. Jason Lee, a Methodist minister of Eastern Canada, was the pioneer missionary to that country. This history is a plain statement of facts by one who is a native of the region about which he writes, a resident in it for over thirty-five years, and a missionary for about eight years. It is a true narrative, full of interest, showing how "the coming of those missionary men and women and children over the plains and mountains and round by the ocean, and their quiet, patient, self-denying work for the Indian, the trader, and the trapper, the lonely traveller, and the scattered settlers, in order to establish Christian homes, schools, and churches, were the real formative agencies of what is best and noblest in the great and growing civilization of the Pacific coast." The story is not without its tragic interest. Dr. Whitman and wife, and another missionary and eleven pioneer settlers were killed by the Indians. Thus were the foundations of the Christian institutions of that land cemented with blood. If the American Churches

had sent out missionaries instead of soldiers among the Indians, they would have saved the expense in treasure and in precious lives of many a costly Indian war. Our own missionary expenditure in the North-West has, by the unbroken preservation of peace, a hundred fold repaid all that it has cost.

Miss Brittan's little book is an admirable one for young people. She writes from personal experience, and gives a graphic account of Britain's great Indian Empire, its manners, customs, religions, and superstitions, and many other things that every boy and girl ought to know. It is illustrated with numerous excellent engravings, and would be a good book in a Sunday-school.

Mrs. Carrothers' "Sunrise Kingdom" describes seven years mission-life in Japan, and especially woman's work for women there. We especially commend it to the members of our Woman's Missionary Society. Let them get it, and have it read at their meetings, or circulated from house to house, till all the members have read its stimulating pages. They will read it with all the more interest, from the fact that Miss Cartmell, of our Church, together with the wives of our missionaries in that land, are doing for their heathen sisters the work that is here described. We believe that, more than anything else, this woman's work in India, in China, in Japan, will elevate woman, will purify family life, will re-create society. In no nobler work can Christian women be engaged. The degradation of woman in heathen lands is appalling, and is the greatest barrier to the moral training of the young. The engravings of this book are admirable in quality, and several of them are from designs by native artists. It would be very useful in Sunday-school libraries, far better than the poor fiction with which many of them are filled.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Our Educational Work.

The Eighth Annual Report of the Educational Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, now before us, presents facts and figures which should be duly pondered by every loyal Methodist. We have no reason to be ashamed of onr record in the past. The Church, which was the pioneer in providing facilities for higher education and University training in this land, and which, while carrying on the most aggressive evangelistic work throughout its vast extent, has accumulated College property to the amount of $470,000; which spends annually $35,500 on higher education; which employs 35 College professors; which has 587 Collegiate and 1,000 Academic students, and 1,732 graduates, can not be reproached with neglecting the interests of higher education. This honourable record of the past must be maintained by progress in this department of Church work proportionate to the increased demands of the age for higher education, especially for an educated ministry. The Church that is leading the van in growth of membership and ministry, and in the extent of its field of operations, can not afford to fall behind in this important respect. When our young people are trained in literature and science in High School and College, it is important that the pulpit shall not be behind the pew in intelligence and learning.

The Christian minister, therefore, so far as he has opportunity, should "intermeddle with all wisdom," giving due prominence, of course, to that more immediately affecting his

own proper work—the saving of souls. Few, perhaps none, can attain this high ideal; but all should none the less earnestly strive after it.

"But," it is sometimes objected, "the pioneer heroes of Methodism, the saddle-bag preachers, who were like John the Baptist, a voice crying in the wilderness, and were yet clothed with the spirit and power of Elias—the glorious men who endured toil and travail and trial, and won grand triumphs for the cause of God—these were not learned men, yet never were more powerful preachers or more successful men in the work of the ministry."

True it is, these heroic souls had fewer advantages than we now possess; but we are inclined to think that they often made better use of those that they possessed. Many of them had an eager thirst for knowledge. They read much, pondered deeply, and used wisely what they read.* And in the early years of Methodism in this land, when the fountains of knowledge were a sealed spring to all except the adherents of a dominant Church, though poor in this world's goods, yet rich in faith, they evinced their love of sound learning, by founding and supporting, out of their narrow means, the infant University of Victoria College, which has rendered incalculable service to our Church and to the country from that day to this. They had no jealousy of learning, these noble-hearted men; but laboured earnestly to procure for their successors in the ministry the advantages which, with a godly avarice, they coveted on their behalf.

So also the wisest and most thoughtful men of Methodism, in all its branches, and of nearly every other Church in the Old World and the New, have endeavoured to establish "schools of the prophets," institutions for the training of young men for the important and responsible work of the Christian ministry.

And if this necessity has long been felt in the Church, it is more than ever felt now. The growing intelligence of the times, the increased diffusion of knowledge, the critical, if not skeptical, spirit of the age, demand that the standard of ministerial education be not lowered, but that, if possible, it be raised still higher. The very highest culture that can be given young men will not unfit them, as is sometimes feared, for the roughest and hardest fields of labour. In our own work it will be found that a very large proportion of the volunteers for the most arduous fields of missionary toil are from the students in our theological institutions, and none are more devoted labourers in those fields than they. Our young men are anxious, eager, to avail themselves of the advantages of our institutions. They are willing to endure privations, to exercise self-denial, in order to do so. They feel that one very important condition of success in their life-labour is an ample preparation for the discharge of its duties. They feel that the broadest and most liberal culture that they can receive is not in excess of the requirements of the sacred task—is necessary to command the confidence and respect of the public, and to prevent a painful feeling of ignorance of many important branches of human knowledge, and of self-distrust before the adversaries of the truth. Shall the Church, to whose service these young men offer their lives, send them forth to the conflict with error and sin, ill-equipped for the warfare, crippled by a humbling sense of inferiority in the presence of the highly-cultured and well-educated men and women to whom, as well as to the lowly and unlearned, they shall be called to minister?

* A notable example of this among Wesley's lay helpers was Thomas Walsh, an Irish Romanist, who, though dying young, acquired a critical knowledge of English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. "He could tell," says Wesley, "not only how often any word occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in every place." Hebrew was his especial delight, as the language in which God first spoke to man. He rose at four, till the close of his life, to read it upon his knees. "How worthy a study," he exclaims, "whereby a man is enabled to converse with God, to unfold to men the mind of God, from the language of God." His memory was a concordance of the entire Bible. Such a master of Biblical knowledge, says Wesley, he never saw before, and never expected to see again.

We are persuaded that the reverse of this is the case, and that our people desire that those who minister to them in holy things, their religious teachers and the teachers of their households, the men who are to interpret and expound to them the life-lessons of God's Word, shall be men fully qualified for their sacred office. They require in the lawyer who attends to their worldly affairs, in the physician who seeks to cure their bodily ailments, in the teacher who instructs in secular knowledge their children, a special and adequate preparation for the functions they are to perform. Still less, we are persuaded, will they commit the very highest interests of the Church of God to untrained and unqualified men, and jeopardize thereby its future welfare. Our Church has provided in its theological institutions the means for the training of the candidates for its ministry. It asks the hearty co-operation and support of its entire laity in this important work. Let the educational meetings, soon to be held on all our circuits, be a grand success. Let them have the presence, the prayers, the sympathy, the earnest efforts of all our people. A much greater interest than has hitherto, in some places, been manifested in these meetings, and an income at least double that which has as yet been received, are necessary, in order to sustain, in any proper degree of efficiency, these institutions. The President of the General Conference has been throwing himself with characteristic energy into the educational work, on which he has held very strong convictions. He has been ably seconded by the officers of the Educational Institutions of our Church, with the gratifying results just mentioned.

We have confined ourself in these remarks to the human side of the preparation for the work of the ministry. We do not forget that the preparation of the heart is from the Lord. That Divine call and holy anointing are recognized as the great pre-requisite — without which the richest mental endowments, the highest literary attainments, the broadest and most liberal culture are but profitless and vain. Though the man speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though he have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, yet without the Divine and consecrating gift of charity, the burning love of God and Christ constraing him, he is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But having bestowed this Heavenly gift, God expects His Church to furnish the special training and intellectual culture necessary to prepare those labourers, whom the Lord of the harvest sends forth into the fields whitening on every side, that they may bring in rich sheaves into the garner at the day of His coming.

Methodist Union.

Our esteemed contributor, the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., has, at our request, given special prominence to the proceedings in this city of the important joint committee of the several Methodist Churches on the subject of Methodist Union. This subject is attracting very great attention both outside of our own country as well as within it. As an illustration of this, we may mention the fact that one of the editors of the *New York Herald*, one of the most widely circulated papers in the world—the paper which sent Stanley to Central Africa, and the *Jeanette* to the Arctic regions—sent a special request for "full particulars of the Union movement"—which particulars, the present writer had the pleasure of furnishing. The eyes of the Christian world are upon us. If we, as a Church, succeed in the accomplishment of this movement—as we fervently trust that we may—we believe that the benefits will be so manifest that some, at least of the several Methodist Churches in Australia, in the United States, ay, in Great Britain, the mother of us all, will follow our example. It would indeed, be a high honour to be the leader in a grand movement for restoring the unity of Methodism in three continents.

We do not overlook the financial and other difficulties to be overcome.

(Thank God, that doctrinal differences there are none in Methodism throughout the world.) But these are difficulties that by the exercise of faith, of patience, of Christian charity, and Christian zeal and liberality, can be overcome. We stand on the threshold of a glorious future. The next fifty years will be the grand formative period of our national history. The Church that improves to the fullest extent the present opportunity shall mould very largely the entire future destiny of this Dominion. We have yet to meet the man who will not admit we can better accomplish this by the consolidation of the forces of Methodism, moral and material, than by largely wasting them in petty rivalries in thrice-gleaned fields.

And then the heathen world in its dense moral darkness is crying, "give us of your light." Wide doors of opportunity are opening on every side. It is well worth an effort, it is well worth, even if need be, self-sacrifice, and self-denial, to bequeath to the future of this land, for all time to come, the blessing of a united Methodism, strong and vigorous, and well equipped for the glorious task of conquering the world for Christ. We do not think, therefore, that we are too enthusiastic is saying as we have done elsewhere as follows :—

The last week in November and the first of December will be memorable in the annals of Methodism in this Dominion. The representatives of four branches of Canadian Methodism met together, in the spirit of Christian love and concord, to devise means for bringing into one army the scattered forces which are endeavouring singly to fight the same common foe of God and man. The intercourse on that occasion was most delightful. The spirit of common brotherhood and mutual concession led to the happiest results. A basis of Union was formed which received the almost unanimous approval of the entire Committee, and which is shortly to be submitted to the Quarterly Meetings for endorsation. It is at least a very strong recommendation of this plan that it is the work, and commands the approval, of the foremost ministers and laymen of all the Methodist Churches in Canada. We hope and believe that it will pass the Quarterly Meetings with equal unanimity. All the rights, interests, and claims of the ministers and members of the separate Churches will be carefully secured and preserved ; and the consolidation of the scattered forces of Methodism will give it an aggressive power for good, especially for missionary effort in the new territories of the North-west, such as it has never had, and which it now more than ever requires. The Union movement has succeeded beyond the most sanguine anticipations of its friends. Great and apparently insuperable difficulties have been removed out of the way. We believe that soon a united Methodist Church in the northern part of this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall arise to the height of its privilege and obligation in evangelizing the whole Dominion for God, in laying the foundations of our future national greatness in righteousness and truth. We hope that soon instead of rival altars and rival churches in many small communities, with the divisions of families and neighbourhoods, and jealousies of churches, a feeling of loving brotherhood will everywhere prevail, and that soon every hamlet and village throughout the land shall have its preaching place and Sunday-school ; and that every Indian tribe shall hear the Gospel of Jesus.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

The Methodist Church of Canada.

It is gratifying to learn from the Missionary Report just issued, that there is an increase of income amounting to $25,000. Missionary meetings are now being held and it is pleasing to know that there is an advance reported at many places. The amount required for the current year greatly exceeds that of last year, which was the largest ever received by the Society.

From the *Wesleyan* we learn that the visit of Dr. Young, Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the North-West, has been productive to great good to the Missionary cause. During the remainder of the season he will attend missionary meetings in the Western Conferences where it is hoped there will be the same, or even a more liberal response than in the East.

Dr. Rice, President of the General Conference, having finished his labours in the east, has come west, and has been engaged in holding educational meetings in Montreal, with Dr. Nelles, Dr. Sutherland, and others, where the people of that noble city responded so liberally, that if other places contribute in proportion, the income of the Educational Society will be largely increased. The Presidency of the General Conference is no doubt a post of great honour, but it is also one of great labour. When we last saw Dr. Rice he had not been home for three months.

Intelligence has come to hand announcing the safe arrival of the Rev. T. Crosby and family, at Port Simpson. They were most cordially received at their adopted home. It appears that a sufficient amount has not yet been raised for the Mission Boat, which Mr. Crosby so much needs in visiting his missions. Surely the friends of Methodism will not delay making up the balance which still remains unprovided for.

The services of the Rev. D. Winter, the evangelist of Montreal Conference, have been productive of great good at Danville. More than 60 persons professed conversion, 55 of whom united with the Methodist Church. A pleasing feature in the work was that the pastors and people of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches took great interest in the movement and their churches reaped some benefit.

Methodist Union.

November 28th, 1882, will, in all coming time, be regarded as one of the most important days in the annals of Methodism in Canada. On this day representatives from the Methodist Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Primitive Methodist Church, and the Bible Christian Church, to the number of eighty-six, assembled in the Primitive Methodist Church, Carlton Street, Toronto, as a United Committee, to see if a Basis of Union could be formed on which all could unite as one body. A noble object. No one doubted but that it was desirable, and would be a great boon to Methodism, if it could be accomplished, but many were afraid that the unification of Methodism was among the impossibilities. Now, however, that the united Committee has done its work, the most skeptical will no longer doubt, that in all probability, in the near future, there will be but one Methodism in the Dominion of Canada. So mote it be.

The Committee was in session most of eight days, and on the Sabbath many of the Methodist pulpits of the city were occupied by ministerial members of the Committee. Bishop Carman preached in the

Primitive Methodist Church, and Drs. Rice and Stewart, in the Metropolitan Church. A social gathering was held in connection with the meetings of the Committee which was a season of great enjoyment. Short addresses were delivered by Ministers and Laymen, representing all the branches of the Methodist Church. A happy omen of the future. Great interest was felt in the proceedings of the Committee, not only by Methodists, but by the public generally. The galleries were crowded with hearers, especially during the night sessions, and the representatives of the daily press were present and gave lengthy details of the proceedings of each session.

Bishop Carman was unanimously elected chairman of the Committee, the Rev. Dr. Rice, Vice-Chairman. Dr. Sutherland was chosen Secretary; the Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., Assistant. It will be seen that the Committee was favoured with an excellent staff of officers. Without making invidious distinctions, it will be universally conceded, by all who were present, that Bishop Carman is one of the ablest of presiding officers. It has been the privilege of the writer to attend Conferences and other ecclesiastical gatherings, for about forty years, but he does not now recollect any whom he could pronounce as superior to Bishop Carman. He held the reins with a firm, but gentle hand. Everybody was kept in order, and yet nobody was ordered or commanded by the chair. More than once it seemed to some that there must inevitably come a collision, when a kind word would be spoken by him, which would act as oil on the troubled waters and produce smiles all over the house. There were occasions when we should suppose the skill of the chair must have been severely tested, as there would be a motion, an amendment, an amendment to the amendment, a substitute for all these, and then an amendment to the substitute, all before the house, making five resolutions that were being discussed, so that it was no easy matter to keep the right question before the meeting, and appeals would be made for the chair to decide, and in a moment the Bishop would unravel the tangled skein to the joy of all disputants.

It could not be otherwise than that in such a large committee, representing such varied interests, that their must needs be a diversity of opinion on matters of discipline which all regard as of vital importance. No representative was deterred from making his views known and stating how far the church to which he belonged would concur in changes which might be made. At the same time all were convinced that without mutual concessions there could be no union. No doubt every one regarded his own church as being the nearest to perfection; but it would be too much to suppose that all others must resign their particular identity and blend with that one which was regarded as the most perfect. This would be absorption, not union.

At an early period of the Committee's business, several sub-committees were appointed, to which were relegated various distinct questions: such as General Superintendency, Lay-Delegation, Presiding Elders, or Chairmen of Districts. Annual Conferences, how composed; Educational Institutions, Publishing Interests, Finances, particularly the Superannuation Fund, and some others of less moment. The two first and the last were necessarily the most difficult, and absorbed much time. The discussions on every question were able. Those who took part gave evidence that they were not speaking at random, but had thought much on the subjects on which they presumed to give their opinion. On no question was the discussion one-sided.

The Methodist Church of Canada, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, were the only churches which recognized a General Superintendency in some form. The latter Church designates the said officer Bishop, and selects him for life, with a form of ordination. As no other branch of Methodism in Canada has gone so far in this direction, the question seemed to be most intricate. The

life-tenure, and the ordination were ultimately given up, and it was all but unanimously agreed, that there should be a General Superintendent, who should hold office eight years; that he should preside at the opening of each Annual Conference, and then, alternately, with the President of said Conference, both of whom shall sign the ordination parchments of ministers, but in no way is he to interfere with the duties of the President, and is not even to be a member of the Stationing Committee, which is to remain the same in constitution as is now held by the Methodist Church of Canada.

Lay-Delegation was another question that seemed difficult to settle. Concessions had to be made by all. The Primitive Methodist Church was required to make the greatest concessions on this question, as they have a larger lay representation than any other branch of Methodism. For the sake of Union, however, they were prepared to concede, so also were the Bible Christian Church representatives, who are the nearest to the Primitives in this particular. The final decision reached was that there should be equal representation in the General and Annual Conferences, and also on all Connexional Committees, except the Stationing Committee, which is to consist of Ministers only, viz: the Chairmen of Districts, and one Representative from each District Meeting, the latter elected by the joint votes of the ministers and laymen. The character of ministers and the reception of candidates to the ministry and their ordination are to belong to ministers separately from the laity.

Local preachers are not in future to be ordained, but in the case of such as have been ordained, their ordination is to be regarded as valid. Deacons, or probationers for the ministry are only to be ordained for special purposes. Here again it will be seen that mutual concessions were the order of the day.

The question of finance was deliberated upon during several sessions. The Superannuation Fund and the sources of their income; the Children's Funds, and Contingent Funds, all vary somewhat in the various churches. The Methodist Church of Canada has a larger amount of invested capital for the Superannuated and Contingent Funds than any of the other branches, hence the object to be reached was how the ministers of those branches of the church could have equal claims with those of the Methodist Church. After carefully considering the matter it was agreed, that on behalf of each minister coming into the Union an amount of money must be paid into the Superannuation Fund equal to $126 each, either by the ministers themselves, or the denominations to which they respectively belong. In respect to the Book Room or Publishing House, it was ascertained that the Methodist Book Room has a capital equal to about $100 per minister, the Methodist Episcopal Church $60, and the Primitive Methodist and Bible Christians about $20 per minister. The recommendation of the Committee is that the three denominations thus uniting with the Methodist Church shall add to the stock of the Book Room, either in cash, or goods, or plant, what shall give their ministers an invested amount equal to that of the ministers in the Methodist Church.

In a short time the Basis of Union as agreed upon will be printed and sent to all the Churches concerned, to be submitted to the Quarterly Official Meetings, thence to the Annual Conferences. The Methodist Episcopal Church General Conference is to meet in January to accept or otherwise the Basis of Union; the General Conference of our Church is to meet at Belleville next September for the same purpose. The Primitive Methodist and Bible Christian Churches, Annual Conferences meet in June, which will finally decide the matter as far as those Churches are concerned. No doubt during the next few weeks there will be much discussion both in the press and otherwise, respecting the feasibility of the scheme as proposed by the Committee. We are glad to find that several of the secular papers, and the organs of the smaller Churches, as well as our

excellent confrere, the *Guardian*, have spoken for the most part in terms of commendation of the work and decisions of the Committee.

The question of the hour now is, Union. It is more than probable that some of our readers will not endorse everything in the scheme of the Committee; but it is earnestly hoped that before opposition is made to any portion, that it shall be carefully considered, and that if possible nothing shall be done which may endanger the proposed Union. The greatest good to the greatest number should now be earnestly sought. There never was such a favourable time for accomplishing the unification of Methodism in Canada as the present. Those who have been its advocates for more than a quarter of a century, and have suffered not a little to accomplish it, rejoice greatly at the present aspect of the question.

Of course many fears are entertained respecting the evils that may arise should the Union become an accomplished fact. Some foresee a great surplus of ministers. There may be more than can be employed on the present fields in Ontario, but the union of the Churches will necessarily lead to the division of circuits, and thus places will be provided for a goodly number of ministers. The North-West will provide places for many more; but then comes the question, how will the latter be sustained until their missions become self-sustaining? The writer must confess that here he sees difficulty which cannot be overcome but only by a very large increase of income to the Missionary Fund. It is well known that ministers on Domestic Missions and poor country circuits have for many years past been the great sufferers of our Church. Many of those brethren have had receipts below $400, and if for a few years, until things somewhat adjust themselves, they are to suffer to a still further extent, we are afraid that the burden would become more than they can really bear. This must not be permitted to happen. No doubt this and other questions will be carefully considered by the first General Conference of the United Church, and we feel sure that those who may constitute that important ecclesiastical assemblage will be men of understanding who will know what Israel ought to do.

The Death Roll.

Since our last issue several who were active members in the Church militant have gone to join the Church triumphant. Among others may be named Archbishop Tait, of London, England. He was first known in 1842 as the successor of the famous Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Then in 1850 he became Dean of Carlisle. In 1856 he was appointed Bishop of London, and during the time he held that important position he was abundent in labours and even preached in the streets of the metropolis arrayed in his canonicals. In 1868 he was elevated to the highest position in the Anglican Church—the Archbishopric of Canterbury where he remained until called to his reward. It was a curious thing that a Scotchman should be primate of all England.

The Rev. John Hall, a superannuated minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada, departed this life on the 21st ult. He spent 26 years in active service, and during the last 13 years he has sustained a superannuated relation. He was a useful, sincere, earnest, and devoted minister.

Our brethren of the Primitive Methodist Church have been called to mourn the loss by death of the Rev. Robert Pattison, who after a few days illness quitted the scenes of mortality. He had only been 20 years in the ministry and was comparatively a young man. During his early years he was much employed in Home Mission work when he endured many hardships particularly in Muskoka, but, he now rests from his labours and his works follow him.

In our own Church a few have fallen. Rev. Allen Patterson, of Riviere du Loup. He had been but ten years in the active work, during which he gave full proof of his ministry and many years of usefulness were anticipated for him, but the

Master has said It is enough, come up higher.

Rev. W. Steer, one of the fathers of our Israel, died in November last. He entered the ministry in 1834, but has sustained a superannuated relation since 1854. He was a man of great meekness. It was evident to those who were most intimate with him that he was for many years ripening for heaven. Of him it might well be said, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

As these notes are being prepared, tidings has come to hand of the death of the Rev. William Price, who commenced his labours as an Itinerant Minister in 1839, and laboured uninterruptedly until 1871, since which time until December 13th, 1882, he sustained a superannuated relation. For several years he occupied some important circuits, and for two years was Chairman of District. Latterly he has lived much in retirement, but, now he lives in his Father's house to go no more out forever.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Cr. 8vo, pp. 546. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $3.15.

We had the pleasure, some three years ago, of reviewing Mr. Beet's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. That Commentary at once took rank as one of the ablest expositions, in the English language, of that difficult Epistle. We are glad to see that it has already reached a third edition. The present volume is the second of a series on the Pauline Epistles, to be followed, Providence permitting, by others covering the entire field. This book is marked by the same accurate scholarship, the same candid meeting of difficulties, the same close reasoning and lucid exposition as his former volume. The author studies carefully the grammatical meaning of St. Paul's words, and then seeks to "look through his actual thoughts into his abiding conception of the Gospel and of Christ." He claims for his work a position unique among commentaries in its direct bearing on the evidences of Christianity. We congratulate the Methodism of to-day on the fact that it maintains the wedlock of learning and piety; and that in Whedon and Cummings, Pope and Beet, it presents worthy successors of the Clarks and Bensons, Watsons and Cokes of its earlier years. We are glad that Mr. Beet has, in this volume, laid aside some of the remarkable typographical contractions employed in the first volume of his commentary. The advantage of the space saved was counter-balanced by the unfamiliar appearance it gave his page.

Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth as Opposed to Agnosticism. By JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., L.D. 8vo., pp. 66. New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This is the initial number of a philosophical series, by Dr. McCosh, on some of the most momentous subjects of modern thought which have long engaged his attention. The first of these is, we judge, a complete answer to the cavils and negations of Agnosticism. Such answer Dr. McCosh furnishes, by showing, notwithstanding the necessary limits of human knowledge, that there *are* fundamental truths which cannot be denied. He shows that the revived heresy of Agnosticism is, in its very nature, self-contradictory, for what can be more absurd than to affirm that we *know* that we can know nothing. The treatise is admirably designed to give mental confidence to inquiring minds, especially to young men troubled with the philosophical doubts which seem to pervade the very atmosphere of the age in which we live.

Among the proposed books of the series will be a treatise on the Nature of Causation in the lately discovered doctrine of the Conservation of Energy and the Persistence of Force; and one on the Doctrine of Development or Evolution, what it can do and what it cannot do. This will be one of very great interest and value. Another will be a Criticism on the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, "the most powerful speculative thinker of our day." The whole series promises to be one of unusual importance.

Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. A Supplement to the anthologies collected and edited with notes by W. J. LINTON. 12mo, bound in white linen, red lettered, pp. 264. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price $2.

This volume, with its vellum-like cover, its quaint old poems, its unique style of illustration, is dainty enough for Queen Titania's fairy fingers. The editor presents us here a rich sheaf gleaned from the fertile fields of old English poesy. Which of the modern poets, after three hundred years, shall yield as rich an anthology as the pages of Dunbar, Heywood, Wyatt, Tusser, Sir Philip Sidney, Drayton, Davies, Donne, Rare Ben Jonson, Drummond, Shirley, Herrick, Walter Marvell, Vaughan, and others of later date? Other poems in this volume are of unknown parentage, whose sweetness will not let them die, rich enough in true poetry to defy that *edax rerum*, the gnawing tooth of time. The notes are scholarly and critical, and the vignettes, tail pieces, and other dainty devices are in keeping with the "rare poems" of the book.

The Wisdom of the Brahmin. A Didactic Poem, translated from the German of FRIEDRICH RUCKERT by CHAS. BROOKS, pp. 252. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, and Wm. Briggs.

This volume of oriental theosophy resembles somewhat, in its spirit and literary quality, Matthew Arnold's fine poem "The Light of Asia." "The Brahmin," says the translator, "is a poem of vast range, expressing in epigrammatic form the world-wisdom which the author has been for years storing up in his large heart and evolving out of his creative soul, enriched and quickened by sympathetic study of the poesy and philosophy of the 'Morning Land.' By long and deep study he has caught the spirit of oriental thought and the style of oriental expression, and now reproduces the essence of the best oriental wisdom in forms created by the most accomplished European culture."

Art and Nature in Italy. By EUGENE BENSON. 12mo, pp. 188. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Next to the charm of wandering amid the art galleries and through the storied land of Italy in one's own person, is that of following in thought the steps of such an accomplished art critic and tourist as Mr. Benson. He lingers lovingly amid the scenes haunted with memories of the great painters, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto, Bellini, and discourses, with enthusiasm of their work. While reading his pages we feel again the thrill of our first visit to Rome, Florence, Venice and Farrara; the desolation of the Campagna again surrounds us; and the glory of St. Peter's dome again overarches our heads.

My Household of Pets. By THEOPHILE GAUTIER, translated by Susan Coolidge, with illustrations, $1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

The French are masters of a style of light and airy *persiflage*, and none more so than Theophile Gautier. In a series of bright and witty chapters he gives a charming account of the numerous strange pets of his household, with such clever characterization, that we read with as absorbed interest as if it were the subtle, mental analysis of rational beings.

BURYING OUR DEAD IN HOSTILE TURU: VIEW OF OUR CAMP.